

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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A MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE COLORED RACE.

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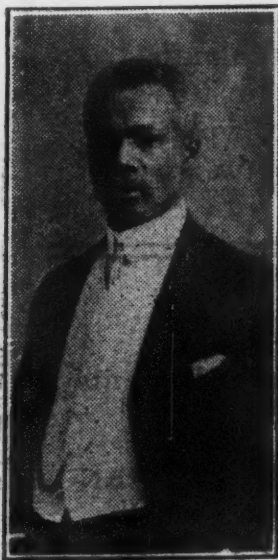
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(See Page 396)

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV

JULY, 1908

NO. 7

THE MONTH

THE CONVENTION'S WORK



CONGRATULATIONS are in order. The National Republican Convention has met and performed its work with entire satisfaction. The aftermath leaves no sore-heads—no bolters, but a united party enthusiastically entering upon a Presidential campaign with but one aim—one thought—to win in November.

Great praise is due the Chicago Convention. It has done its work well. It has met the highest expectations of the G. O. P.

The ticket to be presented to the voters by the Republican Party in the coming campaign will be Taft and Sherman. Truly it is a strong combination—a winning one. Both men stand high in the esteem of the people of the United States, and both possess a fitness which will enable them to fill their respective positions with credit to themselves and to their party.

But not only did the convention have strong men as standard bearers of the

Republican Party, but it also built a strong platform on which they can stand—a platform which is Republican in every respect.

All Republicans should feel justly proud of their nominees and their platform, and set to work to bring about Republican victory.

* * *

GOOD POINTS IN THE PLATFORM

BEING loyal Republicans we are always interested in the platform of the G. O. P. Particularly pleasing is the clause relative to the enforcement, without reservation, of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments.

We might add that as pleasing as the insertion of the clause advocating the enforcement of the amendments, as equally so are we regarding the omission of the clause oftentimes inserted about reduction of Southern representation.

* * *

NEGROES AT THE DENVER CONVENTION

Those Negro minister and Bishops who repaired to Denver to ask for a Negro plank in the Democrat platform

must have looked like the proverbial thirty cents. When Vardaman and other Democratic representatives opened their prejudiced mouths as follows, but they got what they deserved for they had no business there:

"I would rather the Democratic Party went down to defeat forever and be remembered only for its great work in the past than that there should be inserted into the Denver platform one word to catch a Negro vote or that Bryan should be elected President by the votes of veneered savages."

—Gov. James K. Vardaman.

* * *

USING NEGRO TENANTS TO "SMOKE OUT" WHITES

A white landlord near the Hoffman House, New York, is advertising his house for Negro tenants to hit back at certain whites in the vicinity whom he claims have not treated him right. The worst thing a white landlord can do to his neighbors in New York seems to consist in renting his property to Negroes. The feeling is so strong in this respect that most whites throw up their hands in holy horror when a Negro moves into the neighborhood. But our advice to Negroes is not to allow themselves to be used for any such purpose. We should not allow ourselves to be held up as a scarecrow in this respect. It is bad enough to be thought of as offensive, but to go into houses that are being opened for us on these lines is simply showing that we accept the low classification the whites of this stripe make of us. There was a time when Negroes in New York had

difficulty in getting good houses to live in, but now matters have changed and there are numbers of vacant flats for colored people, and we don't need to make fools of ourselves by moving into houses that are offered us to spite some white person. We think this old game of using Negro tenants in this way will not work longer for the reasons above stated, and it is the duty of our leaders to call these matters to the attention of the people that they may think and act accordingly.

* * *

THE NEGRO AS A PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATOR

Taft is now nominated and the various factions that appeared bent on nothing short of annihilating each other, are now harmonizing together on soft seats in the band-wagon. Foraker has declared for Taft, thus leaving those who put themselves on the top limbs of a tree by their foolish statements that it must be their candidate or no one, to either come down and shout for Taft or wobble over to the Denver nominee—and that we know is too much of a pill for the average Negro Republican, however large his grievance may be.

But the fact must not be forgotten that there were many colored Republicans in the late Chicago Convention. Some two hundred or more of the bolters were denied seats in the Convention, this being a mixed number of whites and blacks, but the refusal of seats can in no sense be ascribed to the fact that they were "colored delegates." They were denied because they were probably not, in most cases, clothed with the proper

credentials as delegates. More of the contestants might have been seated perhaps had they prepared their contests better. They mostly depended on a loose statement of facts by some long-coated spokesman, who could offer only bare statements, against the well-prepared and sworn affidavits of Mr. Hitchcock, who sought to undo his opponents by showing that they were not acting within the lines of party organization, which it must be conceded, has to be respected if any organized expression of the people's will is to be obtained. We have no doubt that in many instances the Lily Whites treated Negro delegates unfairly in the primaries, but to investigate all these matters in the way they were presented at Chicago would have kept the Convention in session till after the time for the election in November. So the rule of party organization was applied and those delegates seated who had the credentials to show that they were elected on a call, first from the National Committee, and second, by a subsequent call of their respective State chairmen, etc. The Louisiana delegations were seated on both sides because each of the chairmen of the warring factions in that State received notices from the Chairman of the National Committee—otherwise the "steam roller's" wheels would have found the Cohen delegates also.

All good Republicans will now get together to make a strong pull for the election of Mr. Taft. This is our duty whatever our past grievances. Party success is paramount to any petty disputes or personal animosities. We can't always get the man we most want in

politics, but in no sense can we lose either prestige or power by voting for Mr. Taft. We believe he stands for no backward step toward the Negro people of this country, whereas his opponent is pledged to and surrounded by a most violent crowd of retrogressionists on the Negro question.

* * *

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

In his baccalaureate sermon to the Princeton graduates, this distinguished educator says: "The malady of the age is lack of individual courage," to which sentiment we cheerfully subscribe, and especially is this true with white Americans on the Negro question. We are acquainted with white men who would not hesitate to face a caisson on the battlefield, so strong is their physical courage; yet so weak is their moral courage they would not sit beside a Negro in church. This is a feature of the American man that is an enigma to unprejudiced people from other lands. American caste and prejudice is as thoroughly established as in India. Probably President Wilson did not have this phase of his subject in mind when making the above statement. Few Americans think of these things as Negroes do, so habitually does the American leave out of consideration the Negro's interests when referring to these momentous questions. The Negro, however, naturally keeps them in mind.

The habit seems to be to hold the Negro responsible for all the duties and obligations of citizens, but at the same time leave him out of many of the most essential rights of citizenship. We have to pay higher rents and get less wages;

we have to pay higher bonuses for mortgages on our property, and get less money. We are told not to ask for representation, not as Negroes, but as citizens, but when offices are dealt with, the fact that we are Negroes is remembered very much to our detriment. These are some of the "Maladies of the Age" that the Negro complains of, that President Wilson did not mention.

* * *

DEEDS OF MERIT BY NEGROES

The commencement season usually bears a good crop of Negro prize-winners in the schools and colleges of note. There are usually few Negroes in attendance at these schools, but still these few generally run off with the prizes. In a spelling contest at Cleveland, O., Marie Bolden wins the prize for spelling accurately 500 words submitted. The lucky winner is just 14 years old, and modestly states that she entered the contest, and did her best for the sake of her school and teacher. She states that reading the newspapers was a great aid to her, as she found many words of all kinds in them.

Mr. Southwick, who has just finished his studies in the Law Department of Yale University, had the honor of winning a first prize of \$125 over all contestants, including two classmates of Southern origin—one from Alabama and one from Mississippi. Mr. Heflin and Mr. Vardaman should be notified; especially since these young Southern classmates found it in their hearts to shake hands with Mr. Southwick and extend him warm congratulations.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, who is an ex-president of the Southern League, while

holding an important position with Klaw & Erlanger, has invented a device for washing the windows of skyscraper buildings by operating from the inside, thus avoiding the necessity of the risk of life according to the old way, and the way by which so many have been injured.

All these things make us feel better amid our prejudiced and disagreeable surroundings, and are examples for the young people to follow.

* * *

NEGROES WHO STILL TALK MUCH AND DO LITTLE

Despite the fact that certain of our leaders, especially some preachers, weekly spout forth long tirades about race pride and race progress, still they hire white doctors and lawyers, and buy their groceries and drygoods from white merchants. What is it worth to talk about race progress if we are not going to do the things necessary to bring it about. We must learn to suit the action to the word. As long as our preachers and leaders continue to do nothing but talk while at the same time allowing the white man to run off with the money and not stopping it among ourselves, to help each other, just so long will we have a problem; and the world will laugh at us.

Our idea is that since we cannot get places to work in the white man's store, to organize stores ourselves, and swell the patronage so large that we must have many clerks, managers, etc. The average Negro, though, will support a white man's business of any kind in preference to a colored man's. Ye philosophers and statesmen, tell us why this is true? But it is true, and "pity 'tis true."

The Black Man's Silent Power

Extracts from the July Number of the American Magazine by Ray Stannard Baker.

TRAVELING in the South one hears much of the "threat of Negro domination," by which is generally meant political control by Negro voters or the election of Negro office-holders. But there already exists a far more real and sinister form of Negro domination. For the Negro still dominates the thought of the South.

The cause of this dominance of thought by the Negro lies chiefly with a certain group of politicians whose interest is to maintain their party control and to keep the South solid. And they do this by harping perpetually on the Negro problem. I observed, wherever I went in the South and found busy and prosperous industries, that the Negro problem was little discussed. One manufacturer in New Orleans said to me, when I asked him about the Negro question:

"Why, I'm so busy I never think about it."

And that is the attitude of the progressive, constructive Southerner; he is impatient with the talk about the Negro and the Negro problem. He wants to forget it.

But there remains a body of men in the South who, not prosperous in other industries, still make the Negro a sort of

industry; they live by exploiting Negro prejudice. They prevent the expression of new ideas and force a great people to confine its political genius to a worn-out issue.

Roosevelt Democrats Down South.

Talking with all classes of white men in the South, I was amazed to discover how many of them had ceased to be Democrats (in the party sense) at all, and were followers in their beliefs of Roosevelt and the Republican party. Many of them told me that they wished they could break away and express themselves openly and freely, but they did not dare. A considerable number have ventured to vote the Republican ticket in national elections (especially on the free silver issue), but few indeed have had the courage to declare their independence in State or local affairs. For the instant a rift appears in the harmony of the white party (and that is a better name for it than Democratic) the leaders talk Negro, and the would-be independents are driven back into the fold.

Negro Holds Democratic Party Together

I am speaking here, of course, of the Negro as a dominant issue, the essential element which holds the Democratic party together, and without which other policies could not be carried nor candidate elected. Vigorous divisions on other issues have place locally within the lines

of the Democratic party, especially during the last two or three years. The railroad and trust questions have been prominent before the people in most of the Southern States. During his long campaign for Governor, Hoke Smith talked railroads and railroad influence in politics constantly, but in order to be elected he raised the Negro question, and talked it vigorously, especially in all his country addresses.

Stifling Free Speech.

But the unfortunate result of the dominance of the single idea of the Negro upon politics has been to benumb the South intellectually; to stifle free thought and free speech. Let a man advance a new issue, and if the party leaders do not favor it, they have only to cry out "Negro," twisting the issue so as to emphasize its Negro side (and every question in the South *has* a Negro side), and the independent thinker is crushed. I once talked with the editor of a newspaper in the South who said to me, "Such and such is my belief."

"But," I said, "you take just the opposite position in your paper."

"Yes—but I can't talk out; it would kill my business."

This timorousness has touched not only politics, but has reached the schools and the churches—and still shackles the freest speech. George W. Cable, the novelist, was practically forced to leave the South because he advocated the "continual and diligent elevation of that lower man which human society is constantly precipitating," because he advocated justice for the Negro.

Professor Andrew Slade was compelled to resign from Emory College in

Georgia because he published an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* taking a point of view not supported by the majority in Southern sentiment! Professor John Spencer Bassett was saved from a forced resignation from Trinity College in North Carolina for a similar offense after a lively fight in the Board of Trustees which left Trinity with the reputation of being one of the freest institutions in the South.

The situation in the South has made people *afraid of the truth*. Political oratory, particularly, often gets away entirely from the wholesome and regenerative world of actual facts. I quoted last month from a speech of Governor Swanson of Virginia, in which he said: "The business houses and financial institutions are in the hands of intelligent Anglo-Saxons, and with God's help and our own good right hand we will hold him (the Negro) where he is."

Negro's Progress in Richmond.

What a curious thing oratory is! Right in Governor Swanson's own city of Richmond there are four banks owned and operated by Negroes; one of the Negro bankers sat in the convention to which Governor Swanson was at that moment speaking. There is a Negro insurance company, "The True Reformers," in which I saw eighty Negro clerks and stenographers at work. It has a surplus of \$300,000, with a business in thirty States. Negroes also own and operate in Richmond, four clothing stores, five drug stores, many grocery stores (some very small, of course), two hotels, four livery stables, five printing establishments, eight fraternal insurance companies, seven meat markets, fifty eating-

places, and many other sorts of business enterprises, small, of course, but growing rapidly. In Richmond also, there are ten Negro lawyers, fifteen physicians, three dentists, two photographers, eighty-five school teachers, forty-six Negro churches.

Southerners Who See the Danger.

When I make the assertion regarding "free speech" and the fear of truth in the South, I am making no statement which has not been far more forcibly put by thoughtful and fearless Southerners who see and dread this sinister tendency.

The late Chancellor Hill, of the University of Georgia, spoke of the "deadly paralysis of intellect caused by the enforced uniformity of thought within the lines of one party." He said:

"Before the war the South was in opposition to the rest of civilization on the question of slavery. It defended itself; its thinking, its political science, even its religion was not directed toward a search for *truth*, but it was concentrated on the defense of a civil and political order of things. These conditions made impossible a vigorous intellectual life."

William Preston Few, dean of Trinity College, North Carolina, writes (*South Atlantic Quarterly*, January, 1905):

"This prevalent lack of first-hand thinking and of courage to speak out has brought about an unfortunate scarcity of plain intellectual honesty."

An excellent illustration of this condition grew out of the statement of Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, at a dinner a year or so ago, in which he compared the recent political leadership of the South somewhat unfavorably with the states-

manship of the Old South. Upon hearing of this remark Senator Bailey of Texas angrily resigned from the alumni committee of the University. Chancellor Hill said, concerning the incident:

"The question whether Dr. Alderman was right or wrong becomes insignificant beside the larger question whether Senator Bailey was right or wrong in his method of dealing with a difference of opinion. And this leads to the question: Have we freedom of opinion in the South? Must every man who thinks above a whisper do so at the peril of his reputation and his influence, or at the deadlier risk of having an injury inflicted upon the institution which he represents?"

In giving so much space to the words and position of Vardaman, Tillman, Hoke Smith, and others, I have not yet sufficiently emphasized the work and influence of the thoughtful and constructive men of the South. But it must be borne in mind that I am writing of politics, of majorities; and politicians of the Tillman type are still the political forces in the South. They are in control; they are elected. Yet there is the growing class of new statesmen whose work I shall recount next month.

Whites Disfranchised as Well as Blacks.

But the limitation of intellectual freedom has not been the only result of the political dominance of the Negro issue. It is curious to observe that when one class of men in any society is forced downward politically, another is forced up; for so mankind keeps its balance and averages. A significant phase of the movement in the South to eliminate the Negro is the sure return to government

by a white aristocracy. For disfranchisement of the Negro has also served to disfranchise a very large proportion of the white people as well. In every Southern State where Negro disfranchisement has

been forced, the white vote also has been steadily dwindling. To-day in Alabama *not half the white males of voting age are qualified voters*. In Mississippi the proportion is still lower.

The Successful Negro Mother



SINCE creation woman has played the most important part in all kingdoms, republics and races. During the early stages of civilization she was the ruling figure; and until a few years ago the most successful ruler the world has ever known was a woman. She ruled with love, kindness and a knowledge of human affairs that startled the world.

Woman's influence has always been felt everywhere, at home, on the battlefield, in the school and in the church. Her words have always been echoes of sunshine in the darkest places and in the saddest times.

It has long been conceded that the most useful, important and beneficial life that a woman can lead is that of a true mother.

In order that a mother shall be a success to her race she must have some aim in life, some high ideal and she must at all times try to live and be as near like her ideal as possible, she must educate herself along all possible lines and certainly on all lines that affect the progress of her race. Every woman should bear a sufficient number of children so that our race may increase

and not decrease, she must bring up these children sound in mind, in body and soul, else no prosperity no triumph of science nor industry will save our race from utter ruin and death.

At the fireside is the only place where a child can be taught the principles which shall follow him through life, and they must be the best; they must be taught from the cradle and moulded year by year like the mother's ideal.

The mother must be kind and tender yet she must have common sense so she may be able to correct any weakness in her child. They must be taught that a noble character is the foundation upon which they must build. Our children should be taught the honor of their race depends on them and this they must always hold sacred.

So many of our women expect the school and church to train their children they cannot do this. The mother must lay the foundation upon which the school and church can help to build higher. The mother is the supreme asset of our race. She is more important than the successful man; she must study and realize the importance of her position for only through her can the Negro race rise higher.

Taft and the Negro

By RALPH W. TYLER

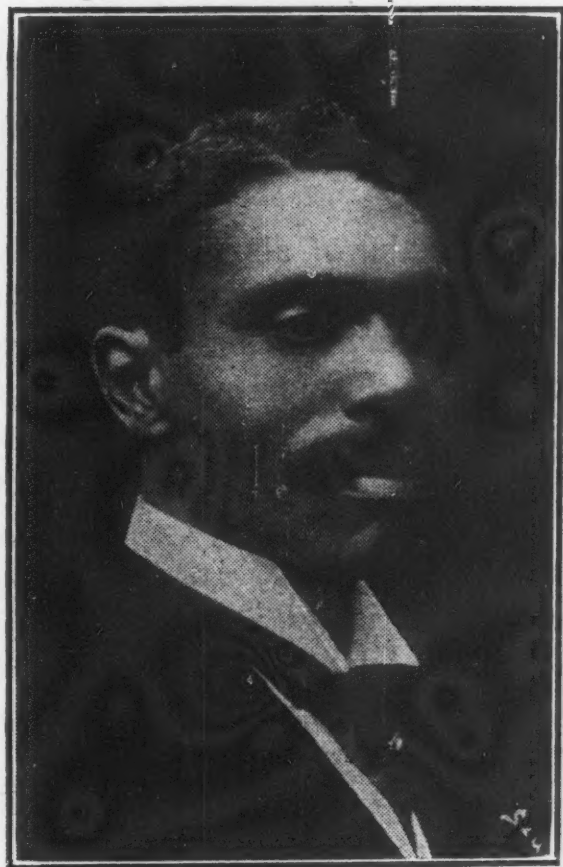


UCH has been written about William Howard Taft. His career, and the incidents in his life, starting from a boy at school and running on down through his college and public life, has been chronicled in all the periodicals, and in the weekly and daily press. But all, or rather most that has been said or written has been for general consumption, without particular bearing on race or class. For this reason it is not necessary to refer, in this article, to that which has already been said or written, and written so well by able writers in possession of facts and who were masters of English.

It might be said, however, that nothing has been written, of a general character, whether about his private life or public services, but what reflects the highest credit upon the man who was so overwhelmingly selected at Chicago to be the Republican standard-bearer.

The purpose of this article will be merely, in a general way, to deal with William Howard Taft in so far as his utterances, or acts, or feelings, bear on questions that particularly and deeply concern the ten million of citizens of this country who are collated in the census reports as Negroes.

If one wishes a job of carpentry looked after it is proper to engage a carpenter rather than a blacksmith. If one wishes



RALPH W. TYLER

a bone reset the surgeon is the one to call upon, and not the wheelwright. If one wishes to learn the truth, the whole truth, about the character, the sentiments and intentions of some particular person, it is fitting, and it is right, that some one who can at least subscribe to the appellation of "neighbor" be applied to.

Coming from the same State, a State that was our common birthplace, I think I may say that I am more prepared to speak on Mr. Taft's sentiments and feelings, in so far as they particularly concern my race than many who know of

him merely by a reputation that has crossed the borders of States.

In Ohio the Tafts, father, mother and sons, have been a synonym for justice for the Negro. Any Negro who has grown up to manhood in Ohio, within the last fifty years, and who is honest with himself, will affirm this.

The spirit that prompted Judge Alfonza Taft, back in the dreadful and depressing slavery days, to take a prominent and commanding place in the then very unpopular ranks of abolitionists, and to help scores and scores of poor unfortunate, fleeing blacks from slavery to freedom, by the underground railroad through Ohio, could not help but be transmitted to children born to him during those troublesome days.

The nobleness of Mrs. Taft, who shared and gloried in, and abetted the efforts of her husband to free enslaved blacks, and then demand exact justice and citizenship after freed, could not help but influence for good, the lives of those she bore and reared.

There never was a time when the Tafts—parents and children—were not fearlessly, uncompromisingly and helpfully for all that goes to make life better, prospects brighter, and justice popular for the Negro. We in Ohio—we Negroes know this. Not from hearsay, but by contact.

Judge William Howard Taft is a staunch friend of the race, and I challenge refutation of this assertion. I know that Democratic Negroes will at once cite his Greensboro speech, his Lexington speech, and maybe his Tuskegee speech as a refutation. But all they who cite either or all of these speeches have not

read them in their entirety. They have selected a sentence, which they feature, but which sentence, when carefully studied with reference to its relation to the ones that preceded and followed, absolves Judge Taft from criticism that can be based on justice and honesty.

Unfortunately, we have demagogues within our own race the same as can be found in other races, and these are they who search men's lives for something to criticize rather than for something to praise. These are they who are blind—blind as a bat at midday—to the noble purposes and noble deeds of their fellow men. And unfortunately, not alone for our race, but for our country, the paid calumniator is frequently regarded too seriously.

A man with the high ideals, of the noble purposes, and broad conception of men and measures like Judge Taft, cannot and will not differentiate between honest American citizens to the disparagement of any one class. A patriotic American citizen, in all that the term implies, he studies the interests, first of the 80,000,000 of his fellow Americans, and then the interests of such parts of the whole as have, by some immutable ways of Providence, interests peculiarly their own, and he strives to harmonize the parts by a mode of action that, for the best interest of all, will prevent or reduce friction to the minimum. Though in doing so he is ever guided by exact justice for each and all.

There are many of my race who continually refer to Judge Taft's speeches as proof that he is not a good friend of the race. It is a fact, which none can dispute, that in times such as these, and es-

pecially so with our race, knowledge of men and their lives is not acquired by investigation and study personally conducted, but by a sort of handing down, like mythological traditions, the facts always becoming warped and distorted more and more as they are passed along from one iconoclast to another, until at last they are as far from the truth as the unfound North Pole from the undiscovered South Pole.

Not one in a thousand Negroes who are criticising Judge Taft's speeches, in so far as they relate to the Negro, have ever really read those speeches, much less studied them. The man who offers hearsay evidence never proves a charge brought against another.

When unjust Negro criticism of Judge Taft was at its zenith, and when Negro demagogues were most vehemently denouncing him, without rhyme or reason, writing to a Negro whom he knew to be his friend, he said:

"It is a painful experience when one has had so much at heart the welfare of an unfortunate and struggling race, and has done what he could to assist them, and has inherited from his father the deep sympathy of abolition days, to find himself held up to execration by many of the race at the instance of demagogues. But it neither discourages or surprises me. It is an injustice that others have had to bear, and it does not affect in the slightest degree my earnest desire and hopefulness for the betterment of the Negro people of the United States."

How like the high purposed, fair and honest American he is are those words: "it does not affect in the slightest degree my earnest desire and hopefulness for the

betterment of the Negro people of the United States."

Many men would, any many men have abated their efforts in behalf of a people who denounced them without warrant and without reason. But Judge Taft refuses to be dissuaded, awed, or changed by the unwarrantable, unfair and demagogical criticism of a class. Here is where he proves his friendship for the race. True to the spirit that he inherited from an abolition father and mother, he still believes it to be his duty to help the ten million of American black citizens. Those who denounce him he pities, rather than rebukes or dispise. Here is where he displays his statesmanship.

A most admirable man, a just man, a man of great ability and preparedness, he will make a strong President for the whole people, and in making a strong President for the whole people he will, of a necessity, make a strong President for the Negro.

The Negro, as a progressive factor, has everything to gain by Judge Taft's election to the Presidency, and naught to lose. He is a friend upon whom we can confidently rely. His antecedents were right on the question of liberty, manhood rights and privileges for the Negro, and he is in perfect accord with his antecedents.

In Ohio the Tafts—father, mother and sons—is a synonym for justice for the Negro. Any Negro who has grown up to manhood, in Ohio, within the last fifty years, and who is honest with himself, will affirm this. And who is better qualified to judge than they who know us intimately and well.

The Love That Could Not Sin

An Arabian Romance

By RALPH W. TYLER

CHAPTER XV.



HERE are two kinds of power that exert a baneful influence on posterity; two kinds of power which choke up the stream of lofty ideals with sediment that prevents the stream coursing smoothly and uninterruptedly on to the great sea of beautiful, beneficent human endeavor. Power that the sword propagates is incrustated o'er with the slime of debauchery, debased passions, and promises that are as brittle as glass. Power that wealth propagates is encrusted o'er with deceit, unblushing corruption, and false conceptions of nobility of mind and labor.

The prophet's power was a power achieved by the sword, and sustained by the sword, with a thin veneering of righteousness; a power sustained by promises of wealth—wealth that was to affect the affairs of men for centuries, the power of which finds lodgement in every government on the earth even to-day.

The prophet had promised rich booty to all who joined his standard in an expedition against Mecca, yet, though the lust for blood and gold had hardened his mind and heart to the beauty of the pure, sweet simplicity that Christ gave

to the world, he was not sufficiently hardened to plunder his own native city, and give to these tribes from the north and south the city's treasures to carry away as a reminder, not of the faith, but of blood and greed.

He had decided that Mecca should not not be sacked; that her treasures should remain inviolate for a greater purpose—that of assisting to build Mecca up to the proud distinction of the richest city in all the world.

He well knew, however, that when he announced this decision it would meet with protests that might destroy the hope he entertained for an Arabian union, and the making of Mecca what he had planned. Therefore, he must offer some substitute.

His decision, 'tis true, meant the breaking of a promise given, but since the doctrine of the sword had been followed by a fearful record of broken promises, and would continue to be marked by promises solemnly given and ruthlessly broken, what need he care, so long as he could derive consolation from that hell-conceived reasoning—the end justifies the means.

He was much perplexed to find some bait with which he might attract the fish. With a mind schooled, now, in perfidy and deceit, he at last fell upon a plan.

(To be Continued)

A Northern Negro's Impressions of the South



IN traveling through the South for the first time in search of a little truth on what, with only partial correctness, is called the Negro problem, one born north of the Mason and Dixon line is immediately struck with what seems to him paradoxical conditions.

First of all, he has heard about the "New South," and he fancies many and populous cities of busy industry and splendid homes, cultivated country sides, and well constructed highways. But let him take a passenger coach out of the National Capital for the farther Southland; he will ride wearily along for hours, and even days, and not see these with sufficient frequency to prevent ennui from viewing their opposites. Instead of populous cities, with rare exceptions, he will see lazy country villages of greater or less proportions; instead of attractive country sides, he will see wild and wooded hillsides; instead of the splendid homes, he will pass, for the most part, neglected, unpainted, little houses; and even log cabins, sometimes with the proverbial black mammy of red bandanna handkerchief filling the open doorway; but just as often he will see a lean and sallow housewife of the other race standing there. Instead of good highways or boulevards, he will notice mule wagons or ox carts with their huge spokes half hid in the soggy red clay of the winding, natural roads. If he would

not despair of the New South, except as a beautiful conception of the imaginative Southern mind, he should stop at these exceptions; for instance, Birmingham or Montgomery, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia, or Charlotte, North Carolina. There he will see all the fancied attributes of the New South, including sky scrapers, one-cent amusement houses, and moving picture theatres. If the intervening space had been annihilated, and he had nothing more to guide him, he might not know that he was not in Hartford, or Springfield, or Pittsburg, instead of a Southern metropolis.

Again he has heard, perhaps from some Southern Congressman or from a writer in the Saturday Evening Post, of the "lazy, loafing Negroes" that infest Southern railway stations; but he sees in almost equal numbers around the idle, little depots, unkempt and scrawny white loiterers. From the same sources, perhaps, he has heard from early childhood, of the forbidding Southern aristocracy and the sharp, unbroken lines of race demarkation. But casting aside as gossip and a rumor or listening with only one ear to the tales told him by colored informers of the untold relations between the races, let him visit some large Negro mass meeting at Montgomery, Tuskegee or Charlotte, North Carolina, and he will see the "flower of Southern chivalry" occupying the preferred and choice places in the audience.

On one night the writer attended a

large Negro mass meeting held in a Negro church in Montgomery, where Booker T. Washington made one of his most inspiring and fearless addresses to his people. There he found the front pews all occupied by the most aristocratic and influential white residents of that city, who, rushing up at the close of the address, greeted the great Negro leader with as much cordiality as ever he met with at the Old South Church in Boston. And on timid inquiry the unbelieving, amazed Northerner will be told that this in fact is the common and usual occurrence at these meetings throughout the South, black belt and all.

Also let the visitor meet at the Tuskegee Workers' Conference such devoted and practical educators as Prof. J. H. Dillard, who just resigned as dean of Tulane University, New Orleans, born and reared in Dixie, and Dr. Charles Meserve, of Shaw University, Raleigh, North Carolina, and he will see these cultured and able gentlemen as frank and democratic with their colored co-workers as people anywhere interested in common objects and pursuits could be. He can then understand the possibility of such Southern white men as Mr. Belton Gilreath, the Birmingham mine owner and large employer of Negro labor, whom Mr. Washington accompanied at the Old South Church meeting last fall and whom the latter introduced as "a white Southern gentleman, who believes in the highest development of the Negro without let or hindrance"; of ex-Gov. Northern, of North Carolina, who recently at a Shaw University commencement defended the Negro against the charge that he was lazy; and of Col. Henry Watter-

son, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who said at the recent New York meeting that the same privileges that he "asked for himself and his children, he asked for the Negro and his children." But the most incredible contradiction in this connection that the visitor met with was ex-Gov. Vardaman as described by the cultured and stalwart young Negro president of Alcorn College, Mississippi, and a personal friend of the Mississippi politician. The Governor, he said, whose reputation among the Negroes everywhere is that of their most violent enemy and the most implacable foe of their progress, is, in his personal and actual relations, the very antithesis of his reputation. The colored educator did not excuse him "from responsibility for his reputation," but told of his many kindly acts and policies as Governor, saying that the school received a larger appropriation under his administration than ever before, the Governor himself getting \$14,000 for a new lighting plant for the institution. When the Northern student hears about Vardaman, like Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia, although his heart may throb and quail as he recalls the dire results, Negro homes and villages depopulated and respectable Negroes mobbed by the white rabble, who were encouraged by their inflammatory political preachments and pre-election promises, he nevertheless concludes that the Southern politician's platform, just like the platform of the Northern politician, is like the platform of a street car, something to get in on but not to stand on.

But the crowning inconsistencies, to my mind, in the entire category of South-

ern paradoxes, are the mental attitudes of the white South and the black South. And these must account in large measure for the confusing and erroneous ideas which even Northerners get on Southern conditions. For example, two white citizens of this State, one a publisher of a New-Thought magazine, the other a faculty member of a great university, both educated and sincere men, visiting the South in the last year, have reported on the Negro. The impression from their reports has been, generally speaking, pessimistic. That is the attitude of the white South, and these gentlemen confess that they received their information concerning the Negro from white men, and were shown about by white men.

The average white Southerner in answer to a query as to the nature of the Negro will reply almost automatically, "the Negro is incapable, un-moral, criminal, indolent, saucy," and so on *ad infinitum*. He will admit, however, that he knows "just one good nigger." He will then lead you to one ante-bellum, servile, old Negro, who when called, approaches, grinning bashfully and head bowed, wringing his hands with professions of humility and deference, and who when questioned by the Northerner will say, "Huh! young niggahs dey ain't no good, no sah," and will then try to substantiate his contention much to the known gratification of his white patron. But if the visitor will then seek out an intelligent and independent Negro, for example the colored insurance agent, J. H. Phillips of Montgomery, he will be shown the other side of the picture, disproving each and every allegation in the case against the race. He would, amidst his other over-

whelming, rebutting evidence, show him to scores of surprisingly creditable and well-conducted Negro businesses and homes. The intelligent Negro tells the visitor that if he doubts the capability of his race he should go to Tuskegee or to a dozen of the educational and business institutions, conducted wholly or in part by Negroes. At these institutions the guide would point out, on all sides able, good looking, respectable, thrifty, and propertied Negroes until the visitor completely changed his mind about the wholesale, untruthful characterizations of the Negro race. This Montgomery citizen, proud of his race, will then take the student perhaps to the Old Ship Church where Booker T. Washington is making an address. As he enters a handsome, large, new edifice he sees the church jammed to suffocation with unusually well-mannered and good-looking Negroes; he is told that the Annie M. Duncan Club of the Alabama Federation of Colored Women's Clubs is holding a meeting in behalf of their reform school, for colored youth, situated at Mt. Meiggs, Alabama. Being introduced into this beautiful circle of well-gowned women, he immediately finds them both cultured and reserved right here in the black belt, strange and contradictory as it seems according to his previous information. Then he will listen to the "great man of the South" telling her of her inconsistencies, as the Montgomery *Advertiser* (white) for February 25 reports. He will tell her, as his great soul swells with anguish, that just as she maintains reformatories for white boys she should maintain them for wayward Negro youth. The South is incon-

sistent in bewailing her Negro criminality when she makes Negro criminals by putting first and petty offenders into prisons and chain gangs with hardened criminals. Even then, unchangeable optimist that he is, he expresses the hopeless hope that the "great State of Alabama will take this matter in hand," which is now left to the colored club women.

Then again the visitor, to see for himself, has gone into the Jim Crow cars on the Southern railroad from Washington, and on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad from Montgomery to Cincinnati. He has found an antedated coach without separate toilet arrangements for the sexes, without basin or towels, without smoking compartments, but with an abundance of baskets and boxes holding the fruit and literature of the train boy and with the porters' trash box, dusters and brooms in conspicuous confusion. On the latter road, in addition to these humiliating and primitive arrangements and a profane and vulgar train crew, he will find the colored coach is only the end nearer the engine of the white smoking-car. In these cars he will find the Negroes of class and position riding, unable they say, to gain Pullman sleeping-car accommodations. He will see venerable and respected Negro bishops, colored ladies of modest and reserved deportment, quiet and unassuming officers of the army of Uncle Sam, were seen by the writer traveling shorter or longer distances on the "Jim Crow cars" of the two roads.

The South's inconsistency in expecting the Negro to be a law-abiding and progressive citizen would be still further

revealed if just a glimpse at his school accommodations and his political disfranchisement might be had. At the conference of "Workers" from all parts of the South held at Tuskegee last month, but one delegate, Dr. W. H. Steward from Louisville, Kentucky, could be found who would say that for his district there was a just and fair distribution of the school fund between the races. For the most part the delegates would report no schools in many needy parts of their district; three months' school terms, and with teachers' salaries ranging from \$10 to \$25 per month. But in many cases the Negro farmers were "supplementing" the State provisions for school terms and salaries.

As for disfranchisement a Negro federal official in one of these cities, efficient, influential and qualified in every way, said that he had been evasively denied registration about a dozen times one election. That disfranchisement exists all over the Southland with varying degrees of rigor is only too well known and true. One can say with the Tuskegee orator if, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" then He loves the Negro a great deal.

This anomalous spirit of consciousness of their wrongs perpetrated on them yet hopefulness for better things and better days that are gradually coming pervades the Negroes of the South.

Talk to Negroes in any part of the South and you will find a striving, optimistic spirit of unembittered patience among them that is as marvelous as it is gratifying and admirable. Or talk to any white Southern gentleman of the Watterson of Gilreath type and he will

tell you not only of this, but he will tell you also that the average white Southerner does not know the Negro and the different classes of Negroes.

There are several well-defined classes of Southern blacks and those Negroes of professions and independent business, of property, wealth, and high ideals, the virtue of whose women folk to them, like Ceasar's wife, are "above suspicion," the white man rarely ever learns to know, because with them he rarely or never comes in contact. Then there is a large middle class of Negro farmers and artisans illiterate for the most part, but hard-working and respectable, deferential to the whites, yet their home life and inner strivings are but little better known to or appreciated by the whites. Then there are the servant, and the lower, loafing, crude, uncouth, sensuous strata. These last two classes the Southern judge and magazine writer knows and sees and from these he forms his estimate of Negro character. Hampered thus within and opposed from without, the Negro nevertheless preserves his balance of spirit and ceaselessly struggles. Almost unconsciously you try to recall a parallel state of mind to that of the optimistic, progressive Negro, and too you can hardly account for it. And you may approximate it when you remember the football situation at Harvard last fall, just before the Yale game. In the face of a fit and victorious foe and in the midst of disheartening internal conditions the hosts of Harvard men went marching about the historic old yard headed by a brass man and took up the

slogan, "Are we disheartened?" and then the thundering response would come rolling back a deafening, "No!"

And then you remember how the fighting inspired football eleven played their rivals almost off their feet and became the real heroes of the contest.

Some time ago it seems some Negroes headed by the tireless, toiling optimist of Tuskegee began "whistling to keep their courage up," but for that purpose they whistle no longer. Now all the Negroes of the South have caught the spirit. They believe in themselves, they believe in the ability of their race and the opportunity of the South, they believe in the ultimate justice and fair play of the American people. Such a pride of their race and such a confidence in their future is enough to rejoice the soul of any man. Coming away you feel with some writer that the Negro "is embalmed in a state of nature" and that all he needs is a square deal and an opportunity.

You conclude further that there is not only a Negro problem but that the whole South is a problem—a Southern problem—a National problem. There is a new South, and an ante-bellum South; there is a new white South, and an ante-bellum white South; there is a new Negro, and an ante-bellum Negro. In the confusing maze of Southern contradiction you leave the remedy for further consideration. You are confronted by a "condition and not a theory."

GEO. W. HARRIS,
Harvard College, 1907. Born and
reared, Topeka, Kansas.



Praise the Living

BY MRS. J. M. POWELL

(Dedicated to Booker T. Washington)

WHY wait till all is dark and still,
And the reaper's work is done,
Then come with tears, and sing the praise
That we with-held from the living one?

You say, "He's mortal, hence may err,
And to the four winds cast our songs."
Ah! if as mortal he achieveth well,
Then 'tis to mortal our praise belongs.

What cares the immortal for fame or scorn?
Neither is potent beyond the tomb;
"Praise is comely," we read in Psalms,
Paul says, "Honor to whom honor is due."

Then wait not to heap the bier with flowers,
And speak in tender tones, our laggard love;
While, upon the living, aching brow,
We have naught but our contumely poured.

Oftimes misquoted, misunderstood,
Target of the scoffer's virulent shaft;
Denounced, where should exist a brotherhood,
'Tis thus he prays, the price of being great.

His soul oft groans beneath the load,
Which, Isreal-like, his suffering kinsmen bear;
And scalding tears from his eyes overflow,
When, Moses-like, he humbly pleads his cause.

Like Saul, he cannot hide amidst the throng,
Nor his fame be obscured by jealous charge;
No clime nor place trammels him its own,
Unfettered, he is the nation's son.

When e're Ethiopia's children crave wisdom's light,
At home, abroad, or oceanic isles,
His hand holds out the beacon bright
Of knowledge, to guide them past the shoals.

Ye great of soul, lend him your hand,
Or pour in the balm of some kind word;
If naught else, say, "He loves his fellowman,"
'Twould lighten his burden, 'twould cheer his soul.

Think not to carve on his marble shaft,
"In memory of the illustrious dead;"
Already he has written his own epitaph,
In living deeds, on the hearts of men.

May there in all his life be found,
This truth, sustained by God's on hand;
That solid worth spurns racial bounds,
And dwells in the humble sons of Ham.

Let underling rage with jealous fire,
That he is peer, they more plainly prove;
His sterling worth awakes their ire;
It wins, for him, the nation's love.

RETROSPECT BY THE AUTHOR—I once listened to a heated discussion concerning Dr. Washington and his work, when both the man and his methods received only the severest criticism. Finally, I reminded the speakers of the fact that they were not emulating the lowly Nazarene who found something praiseworthy even in a dead dog, whose pearly teeth he admired, and also, I spoke of our willingness to speak kindly of the departed, when one young man said, "We could afford to praise him then, for there would be no danger of his spoiling it." Haunted by those words, I could not sleep, so, getting up about one o'clock in the morning I wrote the above.



MME. SISSIERETTA JONES (BLACK PATTI)



Music and the Stage

Edited By LESTER A. WALTON



THE theatrical season of 1907-8 is at an end, so far as colored shows are concerned. The season closed a few weeks ago when the "Bandanna Land" company and the "Black Patti Troubadours" disbanded the same week, the other colored shows having closed a short time before.

Despite the closing of the "Oyster Man" company last January, due to the illness of Ernest Hogan, the season has been one of the best in the history of the colored show business for colored theatrical organizations.

Williams and Walker made history by remaining on Broadway, New York, for nearly three months, which was establishing a new record for colored

shows. Cole and Johnson made up for their hard luck of the previous season by playing to large houses throughout the country. S. H. Dudley, before ending the season, made his first appearance at the American Theatre, New York, with the Smart Set and scored heavily. "Black Patti" during the season played in better theatres throughout the country than any time during her long career. While illness prevented Ernest Hogan from working the entire season, before he was forced to temporarily retire from the stage, he established a record of being the only single colored star to play the Grand Opera House, New York.

Preparations are already being made for next season by the different colored companies. Cole and Johnson will have a new piece, which they are now writing. It has not been definitely decided as yet whether S. H. Dudley will appear in a new show or the "Black Politician." Williams and Walker will again present "Bandanna Land" with new songs and dialogue. Ernest Hogan expects to be well enough to star in the "Oyster Man," re written, by the First of October, and "Black Patti" contemplates having a much stronger company.

All are optimistic as to the success they hope to accomplish during the season of 1908-9.

Captain's Steward is Popular

TO serve an enlistment on the recruiting ship Wolverine, the oldest iron gun-boat in the world, is the ambition of every old sailor in the navy, and to have been on the boat, for the past ten years, is an honor not to be lightly esteemed by those who know what it means.

Among the petty officers, chief steward, Richard Coppar, who has been captain's steward, on the boat, for years is easily in the lead. "It would not seem like the same ship," said Capt. Harrison, to a party of friends, "if by chance we should lose Mr. Coppar, he is one of the men who can always be depended upon, to do the right thing

in the right place.


"I have found him to be one of the most popular men on board the ship, and that is something unusual on board a man-of-war." When a petty officer, whose duties bring him in close touch with the commander, he is liked by the men.

Mr. Coppar has served the United States in different ranks for nearly thirty years, and will in a few years retire, to end his days with the satisfaction of knowing, that if he has not held high honors in the list of naval heroes, he has at least done his full duty as it has been shown him to do, a record of which any man may feel proud.

Distinguished Liberians Visit the United States

Envoys from Liberia arrived in the United States, May 20, for the purpose of calling on the President and the Secretary of State, to seek the good offices of this government in the settlement of boundary disputes with France and Germany, and to bring about closer relations between this country and Liberia. The delegation was composed of Hon. Garretson W. Gibson, a former president; Hon. J. J. Dossen, present vice-president; Chas. B. Dunbar, a prominent lawyer; and secretaries Chas. R. Branch, and T. J. R. Faulkner. The envoys were entertained by the citizens of Washington, and visited Tuskegee Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., as the special guests of Dr. Booker T. Washington. They have made a most favorable impression and much good will undoubtedly come through their visit to this country.—ED.

The vice-president, Mr. Dossen, addressed the citizens of Washington, and the following is what he said :

HE founding of the Liberian Colonies which latterly assumed the dignity of a sovereign State under the name and style of the Republic of Liberia was, what may be appropriately termed An Attempt and "An Atonement." An attempt on the part of Negroes from these United States who had once worn the fetters of slavery and were regarded as a race of inferior intellectual and governing capacity to erect in the Fatherland an independent Negro State; and a somewhat paltry atonement on the part of philanthropic Americans to right the wrongs of African Slavery. The movement to atone was carried out under the auspices of what is known as the American Colonization Society, an organization which while its energies in the original experiment have long since abated still exists in the City of Wash-

ington, D. C., to-day and in a very limited measure still sustains relations with Liberia. Most if not all of its former patrons and friends have long since answered the last roll-call and there have not been found in this prosperous, progressive, Christian Republic men and women to fill their places and to perpetuate the noble, humanitarian enterprise undertaken three-fourths of a century ago by such generous hearted men as: Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Elias B. Caldwell, William Thornton, Judge Bushrod Washington, Samuel J. Mills, John Randolph of Roanoke, Va., Charles Marsh and others. It is hoped, however, that the Liberian experiment may again become prominent in American thought and that regarding with parental sympathy the tender branch it planted in Western Africa the good people of these United States will continue to nurture it until it becomes strong and will guard



HON. J. J. DOSSEN

Vice-President of Liberia

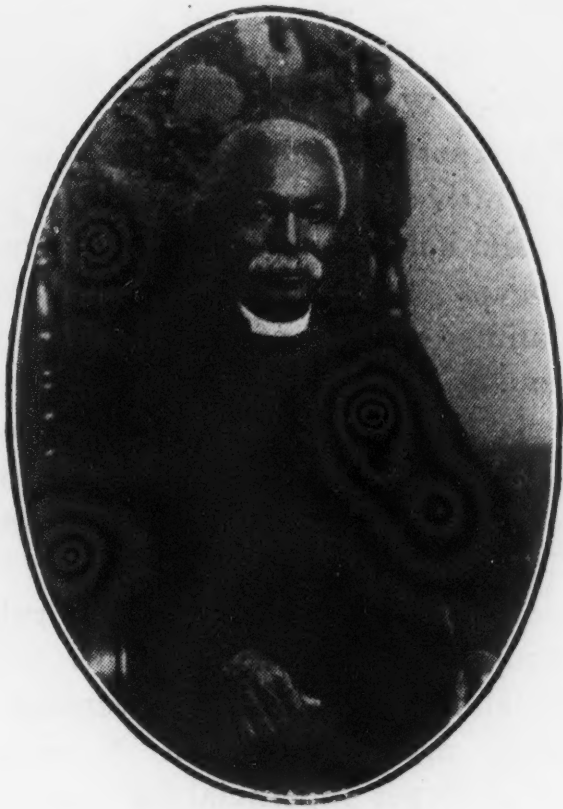
with righteous jealousy this noblest and most benevolent undertaking of American citizens.

As to how far the attempt has succeeded,—the attempt to rear in the Fatherland a free independent Negro State, one can better judge by first acquainting himself with the conditions under which the experiment was started and the environments which have surrounded its growth and development. There is too much of superficial knowledge—or better, no knowledge at all—displayed by the critics and detractors of Liberia who for want of proper insight into our early history are unable to place

a fair estimate upon what has really been accomplished by the handful of freed blacks who landed on those barbarous shores, then the haunts of the Slave-dealer; 4000 miles away from their former connections, exposed on the one hand to the ravages of the African fever and on the other to the savagery of the natives; without money, without skill without any preparation for the stupenduous work before them, but with firm faith in God and confidence in the ultimate triumph of their righteous cause. As if the experiment was launched under the most favored conditions we have been expected to leap the

great bounds of national greatness and to grow into the dignity and manhood of a full-fledged modern power within the brief space of 80 years. This no people have yet been able to do and we think it unreasonable to exact it of us.

During the comparatively short period we have been out there we have erected and maintained an orderly and stable government (we have had no revolutions in Liberia) with a constitution modelled after that of this great Republic; and governed by Executive Legislative and



HON. G. W. GIBSON
Ex-President of Liberia

Judicial Departments. Our presidents are elected by popular ballot as are also our senators and representatives. The constitution excludes all but Negroes from the exercise of elective franchise and they must not only be citizens but must own real estate. Pointing out some of our achievements I may state that we have not only stamped out the slave-

trade as far as our influence extends but, have planted Christian civilization among the once barbarous native tribes and are fast transforming them into peaceful Christian citizens. One of the most cherished objects of our government which you will find emphasized in the State documents of every president who has filled the executive chair, is the intellectual, social and religious betterment and improvement of the aborigines of the country and our achievements in this respect will compare favorable with results in European West African Colonies.

We have built churches, established colleges, seminaries and public schools throughout the country, and you will better understand how much we prize education and the hold it has upon the governing forces of the country when I tell you that fully one-tenth of our national income is expended on public schools. The present rulers of my country, from the president down have been educated in Liberia. In this great work of preparing men and women for every useful department of life, we have been most appreciatively assisted by missionary societies in these United States, and I wish here in the name of my Government and people to publicly thank these Societies and the generous-hearted people of this country for the great help they have afforded us in this direction. When you understand that we have an estimated population of two and half millions and that not more than 40,000 are what are termed civilized and Christian you will realize the magnitude of the task before us. But I would not have you to understand that this

great body of the uncivilized class are savage cannibals who roam over the country and live upon the booty of their spear and war-knife. This would be far from correct, for these dwellers of the lofty Vokka Hills, broad plains and primeral forest living together as tribes and families under the patriarchal regime, with laws which protect the chastity of society and preserve the sanctity of the home, are either peaceful and happy tillers of the soil or producers of the score of products that support our commerce.

One tribe—the Vey—has a written alphabet of their own invention and they have a decidedly intellectual trend. The Mandingoes are noted for their ingenuity and skill while the Greboes have shown a decided aptitude for culture many of them having become eminent scholars, clergymen and statesmen. Liberia has therefore the material for a strong national fabric and if she is left alone to work out her destiny; if there is accorded her more genuine sympathy and less speculative criticism, she may yet fulfil the exalted mission which her American founders and patrons had in view when they launched her.

Not only has Liberia built a commerce which holds an important place in the trade of West Africa, in which trade two of the largest African Steamship Companies of England and Germany are keenly competing, (there were 352 ships in our port during 1907,) but she has enlarged the sphere of West African products by teaching the world the value and use of the palm kernel and Piassava. It was Judge Herring of

Grand Bassa, who in the early sixties taught the world the use and value of the palm kernel; twenty years later a Mr. Hughes of the same county introduced in the market the piassava. Both of these commodities are now staple exports from West Africa and find a ready and lucrative sale in European markets; millions of capital are invested and thousands of white and black laborers in Europe and West Africa find employment and a livelihood directly or indirectly from the inventive skill of these two Liberians who gave to commerce two of the largest and most profitable exports of West Africa.

The exports of Liberia consists mainly of uncultivated products, such as palm oil, palm kernel, piassava, rubber, gums, mahogany, ebony, cornwood, kola nuts, cocoanuts, etc., all of these grow spontaneously in the plains and forests of Liberia and are gathered and prepared for market by unskilled labor. Oil finds a ready sale in the home and foreign markets and bring about \$1.25 per ton, kernels sell at \$1.12 per bushel, rubber at from 50 cents to 75 cents per pound and mahogany sells in the Liverpool and London markets at from 6 cents to \$1.20 cents per superficial foot according to quality and texture. This article, though as yet undeveloped in Liberia, is perhaps our greatest commercial asset. A large portion of the great West Africa forest belt is within Liberian sphere but owing to the fact that there are no railways in the country, this industry is practically untouched. A lucrative business awaits the company or individual who will undertake the development of this commodity or invest in railways

whereby the vast resources of our backlands can be brought to our markets.

I am glad to meet to-night this organization of business men, who under the leadership of Dr. Washington whom we regard as the most practical and far-sighted leader of the race, are teaching Negroes in this country the usefulness of business and industrial pursuits. I have visited his great work at Tuskegee, and I confess the surprise and admiration his work there afforded me. When the historian of the future shall come to write the life-work of your leaders, it will be found that Dr. Washington and the principles he advocated as the best means of elevating the race, were sane and practical and achieved more actual good than it is now thought

by many they will achieve.

Our thanks are due you gentleman for this reception—for this mark of consideration which we regard as not only a compliment to ourselves but to the country we represent. We shall depart from this country greatly pleased with the results of our official mission and with a deep sense of gratitude to the Negro community for the many courtesies they have extended us. This visit will without doubt strengthen the bond of brotherhood between the race in the United States and Liberia. It will also strengthen international relations between the two countries, and I hope will produce an altogether new and more intimate feeling between the mother country and its off-shoot.

IF

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

IF life were but a dream, my Love,
And death the waking time ;
If day had not a beam, my Love,
And night had not a rhyme,—
A barren, barren world were this
Without one saving gleam ;
I'd only ask that with a kiss
You'd wake me from the dream.

If dreaming were the sum of days,
And loving were the bane ;
If battling for a wreath of bays
Could soothe a heart in pain,—
I'd scorn the meed of battle's might,
All other aims above
I'd choose the human's higher right,
To suffer and to love !



MRS. L. THURMAN, President of the National Association of Colored Women

The National Association of Colored Women Its Real Significance

By ADDIE W. HUNTON, National Organizer



THE supreme event of the year to which many of our women are responsibly related, is the coming convention of the National Association of Colored Women. It may be interesting, therefore, to note some of the efforts made under the direction of this movement during the twelve years of its existence.

True, "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," yet its unfolding as evidenced in the awakening of our women to their needs and opportunities under the inspiration of the club spirit, must impress the most casual observer. But no statement of generalities, however beautifully constructed, can rest as a real estimate of the value and permanence of the club movement. To properly appreciate and understand its advance, it is necessary to take more than a cursory glance of the field and to base one's conclusions as to its effectiveness on a larger foundation than that afforded by a vision limited to a single city or section. Neither must the temper and intelligence be so keenly unsympathetic as to miss the truth that the construction of the foundation for any large structure, if made solid and sure, is necessarily slow and tedious and void of special beauty.

An intimate knowledge, gained by personal touch with the club movement in the various sections of the country should form a pretty accurate basis for a fair estimate of its value. Such a knowledge will dispel the idea that organized effort among colored women has not proven worth while. Months of continuous travel, affording heart to heart touch with the women who represent our club life has made us realize as never before that the National Association of Colored Women has become a potential factor in the solution of our problems. It has also been the greatest inspiration in our efforts to intensify and enlarge club interests.

If the ideal has not been attained; if many of its aims are as yet largely prospective, still the movement has justified the purposes for which it was formed and given positive earnest of a desire to carry out its fundamental idea—"Lifting as we climb."

As a result of some study and experience the following grouping of Association effort has been made: Mothers' Meetings; Kindergartens; Juvenile Court; Rescue; Humane; Young Women; Domestic Science; Art; Literature; Music; Social Science; Business Professions; Religions; Suffrage; Parliamentary Law; and Forestry. The character and prom-

ise of the work of these departments are indicated by the women who stand at their head. The names of Miss Anna Jones, Mrs. Haidee Campbell and Mrs. Susan Vashon of Missouri ; Mrs. C. H. Parrish of Kentucky ; Miss Hallie Q. Brown of Ohio ; Mrs. F. E. Preston of Michigan ; Mrs. Sylvania Williams of Louisiana ; Mrs. B. K. Bruce of Mississippi ; Mrs. B. G. Francis of the District of Columbia ; and Mrs. Henry Garnett of New York are sufficient guarantee for a wise and intelligent oversight of each of these departments. When it is remembered that the majority of the women who stand out as leaders in the National Association movement are engaged in educational or other important work in their respective communities, giving freely their rest and recreation hours for the supervision and extension of the National Association of Colored Women, their high degree of loyalty will be more deeply appreciated.

Again the work is carried on seriously. The concentrated and determined energy of the club women is everywhere manifesting itself in fruitfulness. Their vision and unselfishness are leading them to plant the material and moral potentialities of this work wherever our people abide, and their service will hardly be known or understood until the sowers and the reapers and the Husbandman rejoice together in the attainment of the ideal.

Josephine Turpin Washington, one of the most scholarly and energetic women of our race, said in a recent article :

" A recent issue of a well known race weekly sounded a " warning to club women " based on the prognostications

of one Dr. Thomas Hunt Stucky, of Louisville Kentucky. The learned doctor is quoted as saying, " The manner of life of the ordinary club woman of to-day is helping to ruin her digestion."

The editorial comment expresses the opinion that " the ordinary card games played in the average club or social function are a drain on the nervous vitality of woman."

Afro-American club women may well stand aghast at this statement. The ordinary club woman devoting herself to cards. The extraordinary one, for-



MISS E. C. CARTER

First Vice President of the National Association of Colored Women

sooth, if any at all. Such may be the clubs of the idle rich, of the self-indulgent votaries of fashion ; and doubtless there are, in some of the large cities, Afro-American women who ape the follies of this class, but the average club woman, certainly the club woman of this section, is a creature of another type. The colored woman's club is an eleemosynary organization. There may

be a social feature and some attention may be given to self-culture, but these are secondary aims. The main purposes are to relieve suffering, to reclaim the erring and to advance the cause of education.

Down here in Alabama many forms of altruistic work are carried on with varying degrees of success. Here and there may be found an organization that adopts some special work entailing much labor and expense yet maintains it with unflagging zeal and devotion. Such a club is the Sojourner Truth Club of this city that maintains a free reading room which it established four years ago. Our City Federation supports an infirmary for the aged and invalid. These and kindred facts indicate the spirit of service characteristic of Afro-American clubs."

Here Mrs. Washington has rightly interpreted the spirit of the colored club woman. Foremost as a leader in club work in the state of Alabama, which has been second to none in its development, she speaks with an authority born of experience. Neither have colored club women seen fit to ape their fairer sisters' work to any perceptible degree. The conditions are essentially different and our women have recognized this fact. For want of means and time, it is difficult for any one of our clubs to foster a large number of enterprises. It has been the aim of each club, however, to find the thing most needed in its special community and to devote a volume of loving service to the overcoming of that need. The motto for work has grown to be "Quality rather than quantity."

In the limited space here accorded, it is hardly possible to give more than a glance at some of the activities of our

various departments. The things attempted and achieved under the influence of the Association could not begin to be compassed here, and yet await the psychological moment for their revelation.

Recognizing the home as the real source of strength for any people, the efforts of the Association have most fittingly begun there. Mothers' Meetings, with all their various possibilities are being urged with success in every section of the country. The fame of the Tuskegee Woman's Club in its special relation to mothers' meetings has become national, and a statement of its accomplishments would fill a volume. It is impossible to forget what emotion filled us as we were given an insight into the work of the club at Alcorn, Mississippi. There, in the heart of the country, nine miles distant from any railroad, this first club established in that state is doing a wonderful work. The homes of the more intelligent country-folk, for a radius of nine or ten miles, have been made centers for club activity. Mothers' meetings are held with great success, and at stated periods a central meeting is held by the club at the College. The most skeptical would be converted, hearing these uneducated daughters of the soil tell of their humble efforts to help raise the standard of home-life in the country districts where they reside. New Orleans points with pardonable pride to the splendid work along this line by the Phyllis Wheatley Club. In Missouri, Mrs. Susan Vashon has been foremost in encouraging this work. There is hardly a club, whatever may be its



MRS. A. W. WILEY
President of the Northeastern Federation and of the Dorcas Club

special lobby, that does not give some time to the encouragement of Mothers' Meetings.

Directly related to the Mothers' Meeting has been the development of Kindergarten and Day Nursery sentiment. In the South, the awakening of our women to the importance of maintaining these institutions for our little ones has been one of the most valuable efforts of the club movement. A few years ago free kindergartens for colored children was nothing more than a dream; to-day, clubs in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Tennessee are supporting free kindergartens. In South Carolina and Georgia the work has grown extensively. Atlanta has four splendid kindergartens and Charleston two. Other cities in these respective States have one each, supported entirely by the humble efforts of our own women. Writing of kindergartens, one must not forget the splendid work in Topeka, Kansas, undertaken by the Mothers' Congress Circle. So effective and helpful has that work become, that Mr. Sheldon, author of "In the Steps" has been led to contribute a part of the proceeds from the sale of this wonderful book to the support of that kindergarten and the reading room attached. Not only has the Phyllis Wheatly club of New Orleans maintained a free kindergarten for years, but it has sent out as trained workers a number of young women. The ideal has not been attained, to be sure, but a long step has been made in that direction as relates to kindergarten work.

The Day Nursery is close to many of

our clubs North, South, East and West, and a visit to some of these modest efforts fills one with an intense desire to make appeals for their larger support. We recall at present, the efforts of the Susan B. Anthony club of Yonkers, N.Y. Here in a rented home, three rooms have been set aside for this work with a trained nurse in charge. The kitchen and two nurseries are thoroughly hygienic and the white-robed cribs are especially attractive. What we saw at Yonkers, we have seen on a larger or smaller scale in other sections of the country, but the work is so quietly done, that its fame does not reach beyond its own borders.

The realization of the fact that the conditions of living and working put upon many of our girls often exert a downward pressure, which is almost if not quite irresistible, has resulted in certain action among our club women to better these conditions. Homes for girls are being established, many of which directly or indirectly carry out the purposes of the Young Women's Christian Association. Baltimore with its excellent building, wholly paid for at a cost of four thousand dollars, providing home for more than a score of girls and influencing the lives of hundreds of others, represents one of the possibilities of the club movement. Washington has followed with very encouraging results, and work is carried on in Philadelphia and New York City under the supervision of our own women. The White Rose Mission, whose value to the City of New York can hardly be estimated, is another evidence of the permanence of the fundamental idea of the National



MRS. MARY CHURCH-TERRELL
First Honorary President of the National Association of Colored Women

Association. Out in the West, many cities are trying to encourage the establishment of homes for working girls. The Phyllis Wheatley Home of Chicago is destined to meet one of the largest needs of that great city and the colored women of Chicago can find in it a wonderful opportunity to manifest an unselfish loyalty to a worthy cause by rallying to its support.

Nor are the aged forgotten in this system of club philanthropy. We have been repeatedly surprised at the extent of the club effort in Mississippi. But nothing surprised us more than a sight of a large ante-bellum mansion, located on one of Vicksburg's historical hills and over-looking the city, as the property of one of our clubs. The building, well furnished, is now the home of the aged of that city and a landmark to the progress of freedom.

A few days later we were at the American Carlsbad—the Hot Springs of Arkansas—standing on one of its many elevations where was being dedicated a home for the aged of that city. The large area of land had been given to the club and they had just erected a cottage at a cost of fourteen hundred dollars for their work. Perhaps there are more homes for the aged supported by our individual clubs than any other one enterprise. The greatest accomplishment along this line is to be seen at New Bedford, Massachusetts, where a building costing thirty thousand dollars was recently completed, leaving the club a surplus of thirty thousand dollars in stocks, bonds and cash for its maintenance. Here we have a very practical demonstration of the fact that intelligent

and earnest effort in a good cause will eventually win respect and help.

The building of a State Reformatory for its youths by the State Federation of Alabama is an accomplishment worthy of more than passing notice, and emphasizes still another department of the National Association movement. Pennsylvania women awakened our clubs to their duty in the Juvenile courts and now, in several Southern cities, our women are doing effective service in keeping our little ones from a horrible prison life. The work of Mrs. Alice Carey in Atlanta, Georgia, along this line, has been a blessing to many a boy and girl of that city.

The most important effort under the suffrage department has been the help given its superintendent, Mrs. H. H. Garnett by the Equal Suffrage League of Brooklyn. Not only has it co-operated with the Constitutional League wherever possible, but it has obtained the names of hundreds of influential men and women for Congressmen at Washington who are seeking the enactments of laws favorable to colored voters. They are making no fight for the ballot for women, but they are earnestly working for the rights of our men. The splendid efforts of the Northwestern Federation well known along with its Northfield home and other large projects—it is supporting a young women's college.

So much accomplished under the influence of organized club effort presses our mind that it is with reluctance we close this article. We would like to write of the reading rooms, especially those of Dallas, Texas, Montgomery and Topeka, and also the school library

and drinking fountains of Paris, Texas. The story of the establishment of the Fresh Air Home and the care of the colored children of Baltimore at the Christmas season by the Fresh Air and Empty Stocking Circle of that city is a most interesting one. It is a large effort, planned on a large scale, but it has prospered mightily because of the spirit that prompted it and because of its positive value to the community. The effort of the State Federation of Tennessee, by circulars spread throughout the state, to encourage the "Home Beautiful," their offer to help in a financial way by supplying paint, white-wash, etc., is well worthy of note. The crusade in Mississippi against the excursion habit leading to the signing of six thousand pledges in a single year is not less important. But the efforts already mentioned will give us a definite im-

pression as to the real significance of organized club effort among colored women.

Certainly there have been some petty jealousies and over-reachings, as there are in every organization of whatever creed or color, and as there probably will be until the perfect day, but these have never been serious nor have they been sufficient to cause the women imbued with the real spirit of service to lose hold. The vastness and ripeness of the field is the strongest fact confronting our club workers whether in the lead or in the ranks. There never was a clearer demand for the unified activity of our womanhood than now, and the real test of our strength and usefulness is in our power to put aside selfish interests and motives for the demands of the race in our work of "Lifting as we climb."

LONELY

HAVEN'T seen a rainbow
 Since I came to town;
 Haven't seen a dew-drop
 In a daisy crown;
 Haven't seen a sunset
 Or a break of day—
 Never knew I liked those things
 'Till I ran away.

Hills and woods in Sussex
 Lake and shady brook;
 When I used to live there
 I never cared to look.
 Streets of stone, walls of brick,
 Nothing else to-day—
 If I'd go back I wonder
 What the folks would say.

—Jersey Jingles.

Commencement Address by Hon. W. H. Lewis to Graduates at M Street High School

TO THE EDITOR:

Allow me to submit copy of the Commencement Address by the Hon. W. H. Lewis, Assistant United States District Attorney at Boston, Mass., to the graduates of the M Street High School, the Armstrong Manual Training School, and Normal School No. 2, June 12, in Convention Hall, Washington, D. C.

Very respectfully,

R. C. PRICE.

D'ARTAGNAN, hero of Dumas' celebrated romance, revisiting the scenes of his youth and exploits, in "Twenty Years After" could have experienced no more vivid sensations, no keener joys than are mine this hour as I gaze once more upon a scene like this. This commencement scene, the picked young men and women of the Capital City, the ripe product of your unrivaled public school system gathered in this hall, surrounded by the high officials of education, loving parents and admiring friends to receive the first token and reward of a scholar's life, the atmosphere surcharged with the spirit and life, the bouyancy and hope, the expectations of youth, recall to us all the "sweet memories of departed days."

To me, it is indeed an inspiration to look upon these young men upon whose brows sit high resolve and lofty ideals advancing like young Vikings to eager conquest and glory; to look upon these young women whose faces radiant with

beauty, sweetness and light arrayed like young princesses coming to their kingdoms. I count myself fortunate indeed to have been deemed not unworthy to stand at this place which has been honored by so many distinguished men: Alexander Crummell, a man of ripest scholarship and broadest culture in his day, Kelly Miller, sociologist and profound thinker, DuBois, scholar, idealists and dreamer, Washington, practical educator and statesmen. Yet it is no vain glory which brings me here but simply an earnest desire to serve.

Young ladies and gentlemen, you stand to-day at the cross-roads of life. Some of you have come from the high, some from the normal, some from the manual training schools, yet you have come along the same pathway, doubtless mingling here and there, sharing have come to realize the emptiness, the vanity of claims to places and prestige placed upon mere birth and recognize that there is no real aristocracy except that of accomplishment and achievement—something done to advance the cause of man

and the coming of His Kingdom upon earth. More and more we have come to realize that we are all born alike, live alike and die alike; that none born of woman is exempt from mutability and decay; birth, lifelike death immortality is the common heritage of all. The conclusion of it all is, if there is to be a brotherhood of immortality hereafter, why not a true fellowship in living here and now based upon natural selection, individual character and achievement.

Coleridge Taylor is an English composer true, but he is more he is a composer. Washington is an American educator; he is more, he belongs to the educational world. Tanner is simply an artist. The recognition which these men have attained is yours for the taking not for the asking.

What idea should inspire you as you go forth in the world? What talisman should you inscribe upon your banner? The answer you shall find written in your own brief experience, deep graven upon your own hearts. The idea is neither new nor novel; it belongs to no age, to no clime; it inspires the life of a Jane Adams and a William Booth to-day no less than Socrates and the Christ nearly 2000 years ago. If you look backward and inward into your own experiences, you will find that two angels watched over your births, fed the flickering flames of infant life until was kindled in your soul the vestal fires which shall never die; guarded your helpless baby foot steps, nourished and directed your youthful lives and ambitions the joys, sweets and trials of school life. You pause here for a moment to celebrate a festival of school life—the

commencement. This done each of you must read the sign boards for himself and herself and choose the road each will take and take alone. Now, as yesterday, "all roads lead to Rome" to the heart of the world; the world of work, of toil, endeavor, achievement, failure and despair, yet it is a beautiful world in which there is more of success than failure, more of



COUNSELOR W. H. LEWIS

happiness than pain, more of helpfulness than selfishness, more of peace than strife, more of love and friendship than envy and hate,—a world that is growing better and wiser and more perfect unto "the eternal day."

There is no healthy boy or girl with the red corpuscles of youth racing through his arteries, trained in our public schools, with confidence in him-

self, faith in his fellows and trust in God, who cannot make for himself a place in the world and contribute a little something to the social uplift and betterment of man, or give some new impulse to the world's progress. The circumstances of race and birth are nothing—these are mere accidents,—if they bring handicaps, handicaps indicate superior talents, not inferior, and all that is necessary to win the race, or to pull off the event is to “screw one's courage to the sticking place” and redouble one's efforts. The world no longer asks “who you are” but “what are you,” not “what have your ancestors done” but “what can you do.”

More and more the world is coming to a better and wiser creed, that of recognizing each individual man and woman according to his and her merits, character and achievements. Men more and more the name of one is SACRIFICE, the name of the other is SERVICE. I give you them as a talisman, the twin angels of life, death and sacrifice and service.

I mean by SACRIFICE not burnt offerings to the heathen conception of God, but “an humble” contrite spirit; the surrounding of something of your store of wealth and knowledge to assist the lowly, to help the fallen. I mean by SERVICE not merely lip service, which is so common in our day, nor yet the involuntary service of slaves, but the doing of some one thing which shall insure to the betterment of man and the glory of God. Sacrifice means unselfishness, service, helpfulness. They are the great primal qualities of the human heart; they are opposed to selfish-

ness and greed. Every life consecrated to a good cause and spent in the doing of it, in a life of sacrifice and service.

Education is not an end in itself, but only a means to an end. It is subjective in that it makes “an intelligent being still more intelligent.” Its objective side is to fit men and women to fulfill the noble purposes of their existence. Too many young men and women to-day regard a school, college or university training as an achievement distinct in itself and never tire of informing a weary world of what excellent and exquisite creatures they are. I hope that no one of you will think that you have finished your work for this is only the beginning, the commencement. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty years hence when you come back to these scenes Alma Mater will ask “what have you done for the cause of man?” What trophies or hewels then will you lay at her feet? I do not mean to preach the doctrine that no education is of no value unless it is used but this I do not mean to say: that no educated man or woman is of the slightest value to the community or the world unless he or she is useful. I would reverse the theory of Goethe, the many sided, when he said: “Man exists for culture, not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him.” I would put it: “man exists not for culture, but for what can be accomplished in him, but for what he can accomplish with his culture” I appeal from Goethe to the Christ, the greatest teacher of mankind, who said: “He came into the world not to be ministered unto but to minister.

The real keynote of education was

never struck until Wellesley, a woman's college, wrote over her gateway the glorious motto "Non administrari sed ministrara" The purpose of our modern education is to fit men and women to serve. You were educated to serve, to to serve the family and home, to serve your country, to serve your fellowmen and to serve God. When you think of the sacrifices made for you by your parents and family, duty says at once "you owe some service to them." The state furnishes you with the means of education, builds school houses, fills them with the best teachers, taxes the present, past and future generations for their support, gratitude demands, at least, that you stand ready to serve her as good citizens, interested in all good works, endeavoring to contribute your might to the industrial prosperity, to promote peace and happiness and to give if need be, "the last full measure of devotion."

Your fellowmen of all ages have contributed to the civilization and blessings which you enjoy to-day,—what contribution shall you make to those who are to come after you? In proportion as you serve the home, state and family, you serve God. Your duty to him and therefore to them, is summed up in the words of St. Paul "To present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service." That is the very embodiment of the spirit of sacrifice and service.

The true spirit of sacrifice and service transcends race and color—it comprehends all your fellows. It transcends country—it comprehends the world. Is there still opportunity for service?

Ruskin, the distinguished English art critic and writer, in his "Mysteries of Life and its art" tells us, "Six thousand years have passed since we were set to till the ground from which we were taken, yet thousands perish with hunger." "We set our streams to work for us and choke the air with fire to turn our spinning wheels—and—are we yet clothed?" "Night by night from the corners of the streets rise up the cries of the homeless, 'I was a stranger and ye took me not in.' " The opportunities for sacrifice are as great to-day as at any time in the world's history. Men and women were, never so good that they could not be made better. The store was never so great, prosperous and progressive that it could not be improved upon. It may not happen to you to write your names among the great reformers, statesmen and benefactors of mankind, but remember a cup of cold water given in his name is of vain service, no mean sacrifice.

There is a painting by West which represents the gentle Sir Philip Sydney, the soldier and poet, seated upon his charger retiring from the field of Zutphen where he himself had been mortally wounded. Faint and weak from the loss of blood, he was about to raise to his parched lips a bottle full of water, but glancing downward he beheld the prostrate form of a dying soldier whose appealing eyes struck his tender heart. He is represented as passing the water to the dying soldier and saying, "Take it, friend, thy necessity is greater than mine." The soldier fell but in that simple sacrifice, he found undying fame.

You may never perform any great

heroic act of self-sacrifice and service, yet you can, at least, help the lowly, assist the fallen, cheer the downcast and the oppressed, point them to a better way and lead them to a higher life. History contains no story of simple sacrifice and service comparable to that of the goodly and sainted Catholic priest who carried the cross to the leper settlement at Nelokai. He spent his life and freely gave his life to help that most unfortunate class of human beings whose cry has even been "unclean."

A notable example of the same spirit lies right at the door, the missionary physician Grenfel who is risking his life daily in a heroic effort to succor the unfortunate, to ameliorate the condition of the humble fisher folk and indians along the Northern coast.

If you seek to serve, if you are willing to sacrifice, look around you, there is always work, always a mission for courageous hearts and willing hands. Shakespeare, Goethe and Dante nor all the great men of letters of the age have exhausted the field of literature. Rothschild, Peabody and Carnegie have been beggared philanthropy. Invention did not stop with the names of Watt, Whitney, Morse, Bell and Edison. Fundamental arts of agriculture, mining industry and business never held greater possibilities than at this hour. In all the boundless walks of life opportunity waits.

After all never forget that the greatest service you owe is to God. It is said of Michael Angele, that after he had painted the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel, to which he had devoted himself for eight years, he turned to the completion and perfection of St.

Peter's, refused all remuneration saying that he regarded his service as being rendered to the glory of God.

As young men and women with human hearts imbued with the spirit of sacrifice and service go forth into the world, fill it with cheer and hope; as scholars, fill it with life and light; as leaders, direct your fellows along the pathway of higher and nobler living, turn their steps to the highways of peace, good fellowship and human brotherhood, for where you stand no smallness, no selfishness, no prejudice, no bigotry can come within the field of your vision.

Go forth then, not like the Knight of La Mancha, uttering foolish sayings and grandiose words to fill imaginary ills and grievances and perchance break a lance against a windmill; but rather like a true knight, Sir Launfal of Arthur's "Table Round," in search of the "Holy Grail" which typified more than anything else sacrifice and service. "Thou shalt find like him that the cup that thou didst fill at the stream for the leper and the crusts that thou didst break for him, shall bring you nearer to the Grail."

The lamp of sacrifice has been lighted for nearly 2000 years. It is your duty to lift high the torch of service so that it may illuminate the land so that men everywhere may walk in the light and true spirit of human brotherhood. Remember.

. . . . The lesson taught of old
Life saved for self is lost, while they
Who lost it in His service, hold the lease
of God's eternal day.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPHINE S. YATES, A.M.

Professor of English and History, Lincoln Institute. Honorary President
National Association of Colored Women

CORRELATION OF DEPARTMENTS AND ITS PROPER PLACE

By S. J. RICHARDS, Lincoln University



NOWADAY, much is said and written about correlation of subjects and departments. A new era has brought about a new education, whose purpose it is to better prepare man for life.

The complicated requirements for complete living have in their attempt to qualify man, complicated school processes that must be adjusted and properly arranged to produce required results.

The task of adjusting subjects and departments is very hard and tedious. Still, faithful educators are spending their lives arranging and re-arranging subjects and departments, hoping to systematize some royal road to complete development.

Correlation of subjects is self evident. Their sequence hinges one upon another, and cannot be understood or expressed without knowledge of the entire plan. The principle of mathematics, or expressions of algebraic symbols, cannot be mastered without a clear conception of written and spoken languages, and likewise, with similar studies.

Correlation of departments involves deep study of educational principles, clear insight of departmental development, and a broad and impartial judgment. An attempt to abridge departments is dangerous and unless handled very judiciously may widen the now existing chasm.

To entwine two or more departments for the common good of education, the underlying principles of the proper development in all departments concerned must be mastered by those who assume the responsibility of adjusting one to the other. If at any time the above is not well founded, an educational process is set in motion with trusted confidence to start the mill of civilization, and apparently prepared to grind ignorance into intelligence, but its results will be far from its aims.

If there is to be any true relation existing between academic and industrial departments in our great schools, true reformers must be broad and impartial. They must condescend to master at least the process of progress and the methods of advancement, in both, or all departments, in order to clearly understand the dependence of one upon the other.

Close observation has proved that

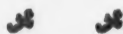
there cannot be any correlation of academic theories to industrial work. The theories of the former do not depend on craftsman, skill or technical theories; nor is industrial education necessary that one may become a professor of academic subjects.

One may correlate English, mathematics and science and mount to fame without ever knowing the technicalities of his residence. But have you ever heard or read of tunneling a mountain, subduing destructive qualities of fire in modern constructed buildings, bridging rivers, or harnessing natural mechanical agencies to man's chariot of civilization and industry, without a clear conception of tangible things? No; for all mechanism is closely and thoroughly correlated to theoretical knowledge.

The industrial laboratory is the proper place for thorough correlation of industries to academic, previously taught principles, and not the class room.

These laboratories should be under competent instructors, not under craftsmen.

Correlation in this epoch is necessary; complete living, the very aim of life demands it. The task is irksome and constant, and requires deep and careful study. Profound master minds devoted to shop laboratories, and well built shops, are the proper sources for the correlation of industrial work and academic theories.



THE NEGRO RENAISSANCE

THE progress of human events is a picture to which the Past is the background. It is a drama in which every people must play their part and

finally yield their place to the stronger brother. From nation to nation civilization has advanced in an unbroken continuity, for back of the present Germanic races is the Roman, before the Roman the Greek, before the Greek the Persian and preceding the Persian the Egyptian.

Each has made its contribution to civilization. Each in his term, has held the reigns of power and has possessed the treasures of knowledge. These transitions are usually marked and are made memorable by important dates in History. But after the disintegration of the empire, the fall of Rome's colossal power entombed much of the culture and learning intrusted to her care the Goths and other Germanic and Asiatic hordes swarmed upon the ruins of the great city, in quest of gold rather than books, of wealth in lieu of learning. Civilization to them meant little more than the wielding of the scepter and the brandishing of the sword. They trampled under feet the precious jewels and were satisfied with the glitter of the tinsel and the noise of the rattle and whistle.

Thus the origin of the so-called "Dark Ages" when the ambition and aspiration of man seemed razed to the very roots. The contributions of a former civilization were pent up in the Monasteries of church and were issued out carefully to the clergy. Like a secret it passed from Monk to Monk. The great masses were in doleful ignorance. They toiled on without spirit and with little hope. Under the system of Feudalism they were little removed from the slave. Submission to them had become constant and unconscious. They were content

to follow the lines of least resistance. Their condition was wretched. However even misery becomes a pleasure when long protracted. The bed-ridden sick enjoy the universal sympathy which a kind world bestows. The prison cell dark, dank, diseased, may by long association become so fixed a factor of one's consciousness that escape would not be counted were every iron bar shattered and the hinges swung wide to freedom thus a cloud shut out the light from their horizon. But just as when one has remained in a dark room for a short while, vague shapes and forms seem to rise out of the shadow, so in those dark and wretched times, there were those struggling beings who sought to break the routine, to find new paths, to lift themselves out of the ruts of life. Later they began to shake off their lethargy and to depart from the way of indifference.

Then it was that Copernicus was revealing his discoveries in astronomy, that Columbus was seeking a new route to India, that Raphael and Michael Angelo were enriching the world with their painting and sculpture, that Gutenberg was introducing the invention of printing and thereby disseminating literature and fostering knowledge, that the Humanists were bringing forth Latin and Greek Classics and were founding schools. Schools and Colleges sprung up everywhere. The very air seemed alive to the change. The letters of Ariosto Machiavelli, Erasmus, Renschlin and Von Hutten were eagerly read and discussed.

Now the curtain was lifted and the culture of the past came flooding in upon

the energetic and receptive minds of the Europeans. The dawn had ended the night of misery. There was activity everywhere. Following the economic revolution came that of literature. art and science, truly there was a new birth a Renaissance.

But while Copernicus was studying the heavens, the sons of Africa lay in the meshes of darkness and despair; while Columbus was discovering America the Negro was abiding in the jungles of the forest; while Erasmus and Renschlin were teaching the classics, the Ethiopian dwelt in the depths of profound ignorance and while Martin Luther was leading a reform in Christian creed and doctrine, the African was still holding superstitions rites to his wooden gods.

The Renaissance of the middle ages did not affect the Negro. He slept on undisturbed. The drug of superstition and ignorance held him fast in her embrace. He lived and dressed as the savage unmindful of the awakening that greeted, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Is that sleep still prolonged? Truly he has shaken off some of the lethargy of the past and has engaged in the new life of activities. His genius has contributed largely to the modern convenience of science by many inventions. His skilful hand has wielded the paint brush to the admiration of the aesthetic world. His sweet voice has struck notes of sympathy that has reached the heart of even the soulless.

His faithfulness and courage has displayed itself on fields of gore and carnage. His ability has reached the standard in the classroom and the labor-

atory. Yet he is not entirely awake, he is simply aroused the stupor still hangs upon him. He is asleep to present opportunities, to possibilities, to his own strength.

In this practical age an energetic white man moves into a community of Negroes and in a few years makes a fortune. He comes within our own doors and takes away our opportunities. He sells us shoes, clothes, provisions, he is our agent, he is our landlord, he does all of our business yet we work for him. As small towns increase in population the Negroes of prominence gradually sift to the bottom. Scientific farming bring large results to agriculturists yet comparatively few Negroes enter that branch of work.

The possibilities are unlimited. Just three hundred years ago when the first settlers came to these shores, America was a mere possibility, with its rivers,

forests and extensive lands. To-day behold the transformation that has been wrought. The unoccupied lands in the West with its rich verdure for cattle-raising, its mines of undeveloped wealth and its adaptability for extensive fruit raising await settlers.

The Negro must venture and invest if he would succeed, and in order to do this effectively he must co-operate and form combinations and trusts.

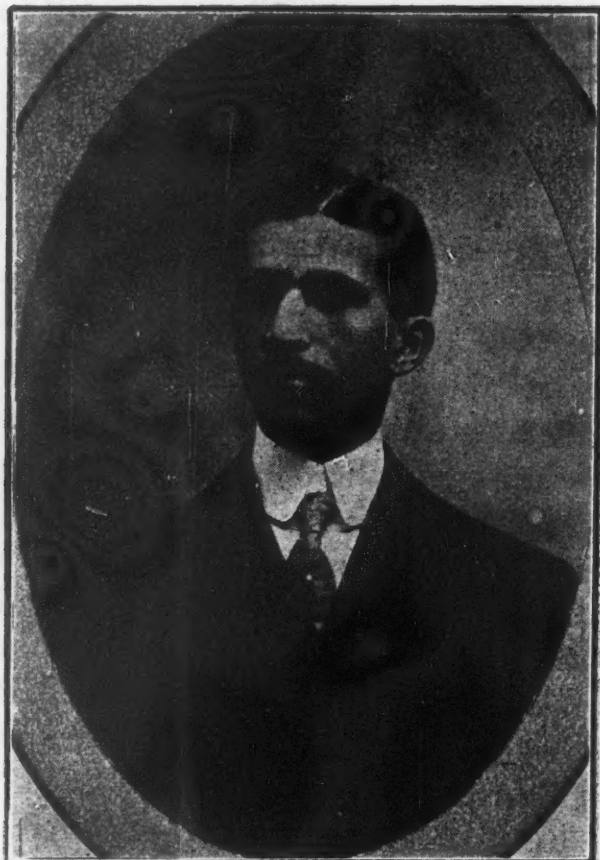
Why does he lag behind in the race? Why is he content to be fed and clothed by the white man? Not because of inability as a few Southern leaders would have us believe, but because he is sleeping, he is dreaming and permits the opportunity to pass unnoticed. "Oh, awake thou that sleepest and arise from thy slumbers," for the radiance of the East shines upon thee, a new day is dawning.

J. PORINER FAULKNER





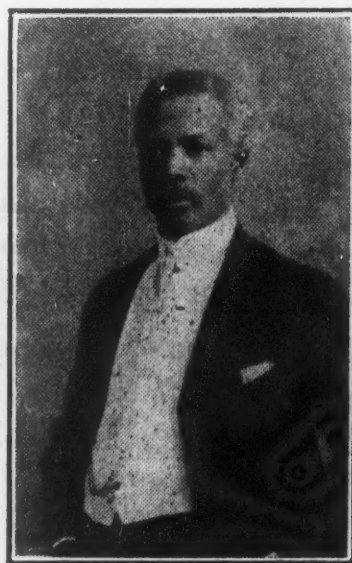
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T. W. ROBINSON, D. D. S.

National Medical Association Tenth Annual Convention, 1908

By LUTHER H. SMITH



NOTABLE among the many events of social prominence to take place in the city of New York this Summer will be the Tenth Annual session of the National Medical Association. The Association is composed of Negro physicians, surgeons, dentists and pharmacists from all parts of the country and this will be the first time in its history that it has come to New York. The bringing together of so many of the doctors from all sections, especially from the South will cause a large increase in the usual number of summer visitors to the Metropolis. The local Committee of Doctors of which P. A. Johnson, M. D., is chairman, and the large citizens committee with a ladies auxiliary of the doctors wives are sparing no pains to make this a memorable event. It is expected that some seven or eight hundred persons will attend the Convention which, will be held at Plaza Hall, East Fifty-ninth Street.

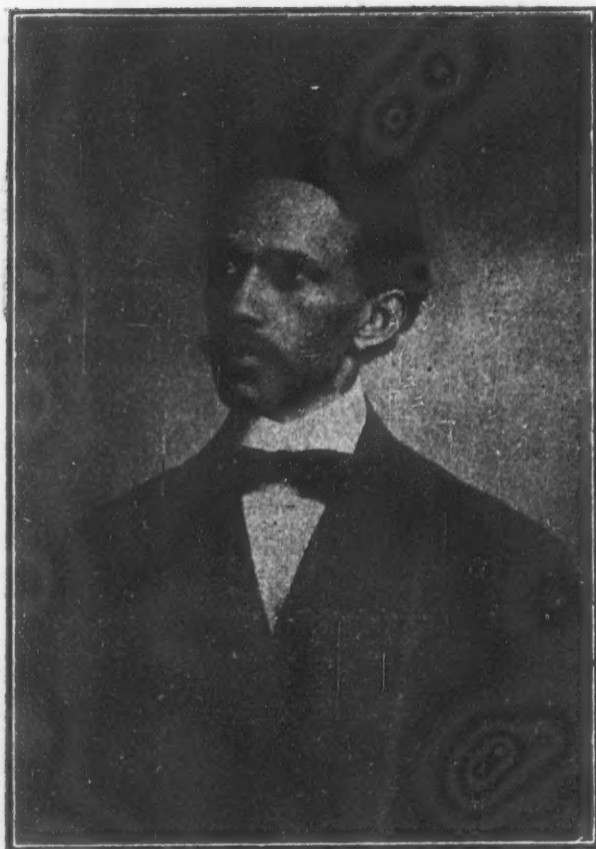
It was at the great Cotton States and International Exposition held in Atlanta, Ga., in 1895 that the Commissioner of Negro Exhibits, Dr. I. Garland Penn, the distinguished Assistant Secretary of the Epworth League Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, first advanced the idea of a national medical society, saying that such a body was

needed to show to the world the far reaching capabilities and possibilities of the Negro in the field of medicine and surgery. The idea was prompted by the large number of physicians who were in attendance at the Exposition. R. F. Boyd, A. M. M. D. of Nashville Tenn.

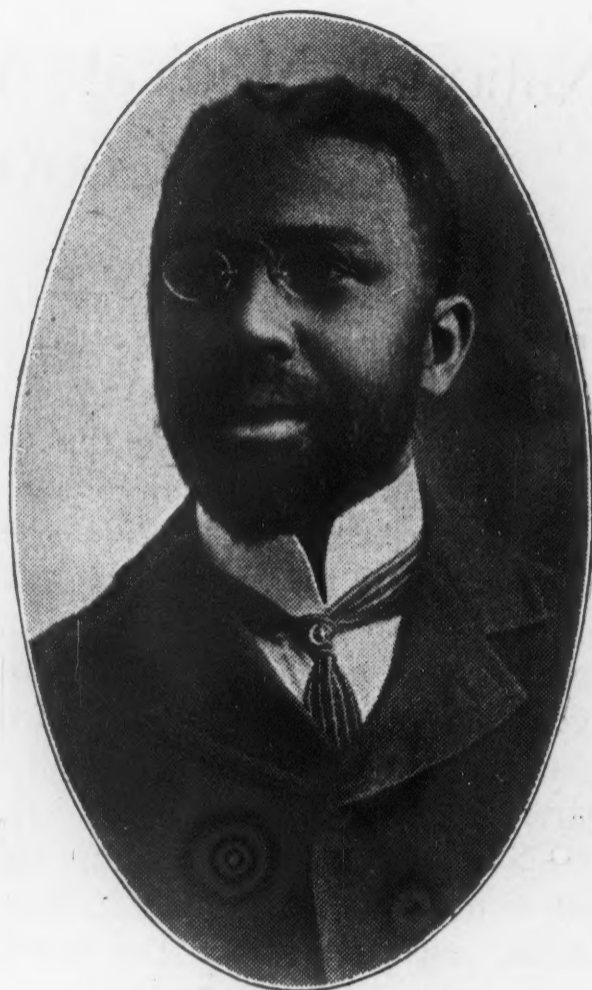


DAN. H. WILLIAMS, M. D.

immediately realizing the possibilities of such a move, immediately started to work among the physicians present and with the help of several others effected an organization right then and there. This was the beginning of the National Medical Association and since then it has



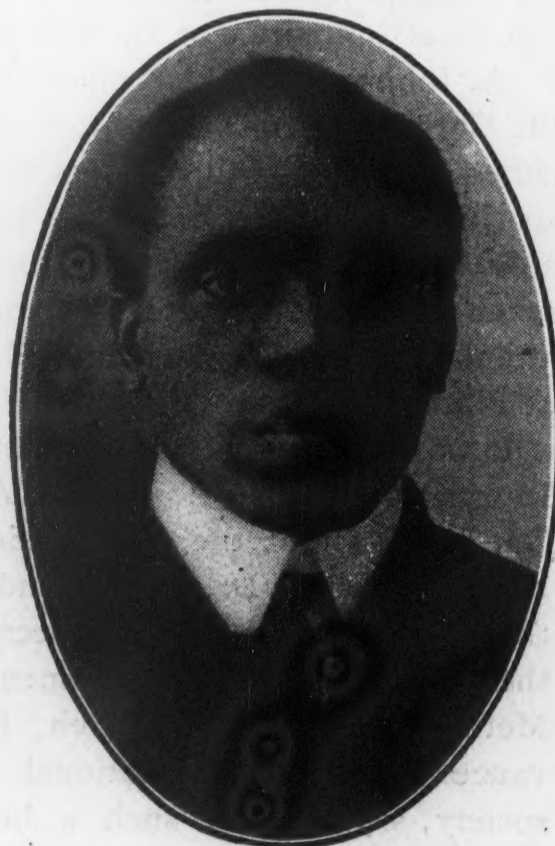
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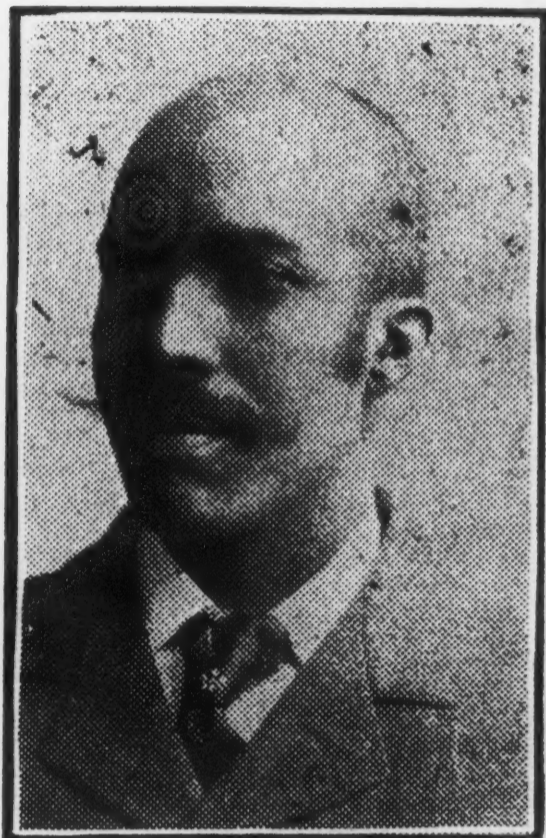
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grown in influence and strength until to-day it is National in its scope with a membership of eight hundred and is the parent body of several medical societies.

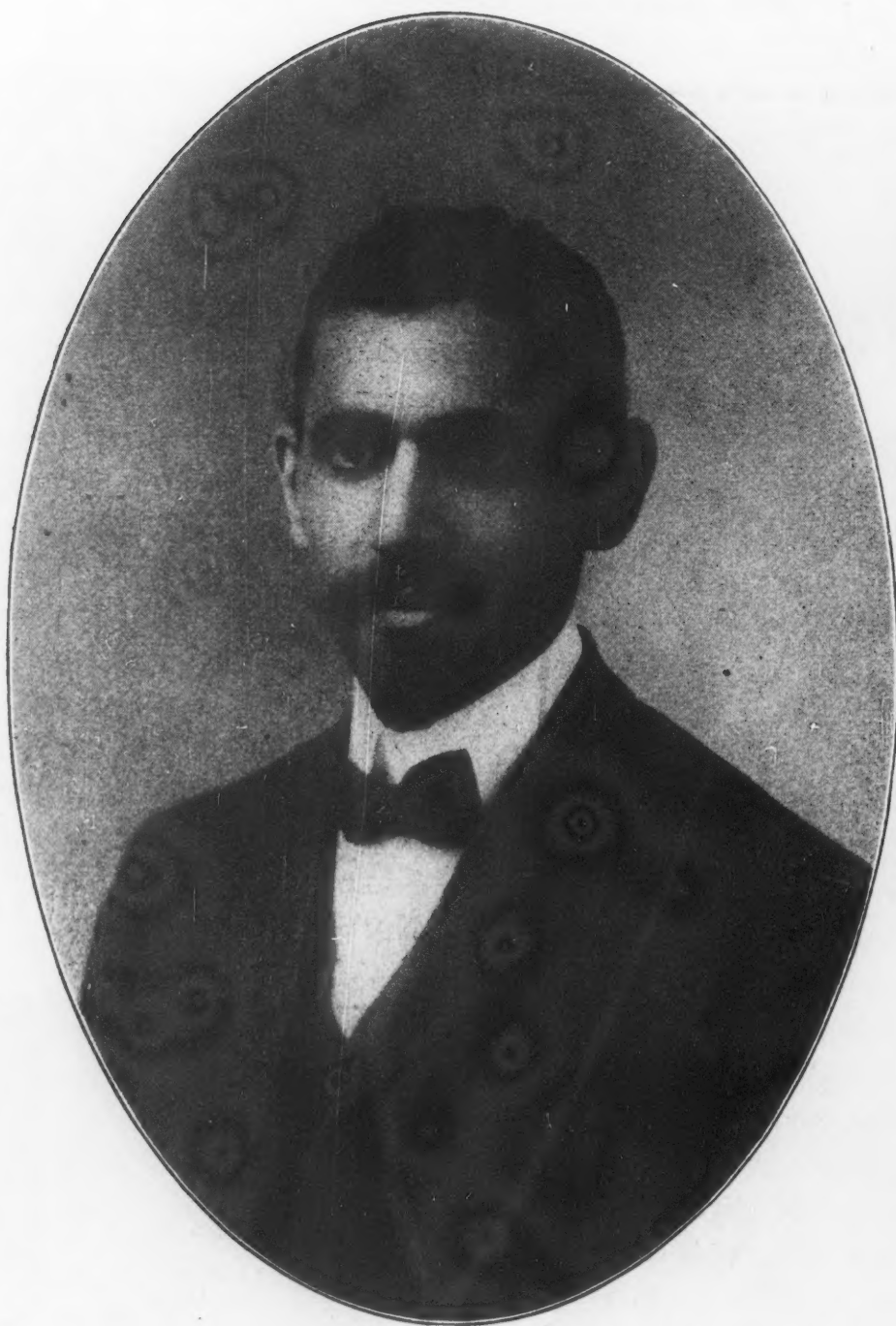
Dr. Boyd was elected first President of the National Medical Association and the other distinguished gentlemen associated with him as officers were, Daniel H. Williams, M. D. of Chicago, Ill., Vice President; Daniel L. Martin, Nashville, Tenn., Secretary; David H. C. Scott, Montgomery, Ala., Treasurer; H. R. Butler, M. D., Atlanta, Ga., Chairman of the Executive Committee. The benefit of such an organization can hardly be overestimated. The idea of bringing together these men where they might discuss medicine and surgery and exchange ideas has proven a splendid opportunity for thought and the advancement of science among the professional men.

It was not until 1897 that the Second meeting of the Association took place in Nashville, Tenn., during the Tennessee Centennial. Three years elapsed before the next meeting which was held at Louisville, Ky., and in 1901 the fourth and up to that time the most successful meeting was held at St. Louis; in 1903, the Association went back to Nashville and the following year to Lexington, Ky. The Tenth Anniversary was celebrated at Richmond, Va., where there was quite an interesting session. In 1906 and 1907 the meetings were held in Philadelphia and Baltimore respectively.

The Association meets in New York this year through an invitation extended co-jointly by the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Greater New York and the North Jersey Medical Association of



WM. H. JOHNSON, M. D.

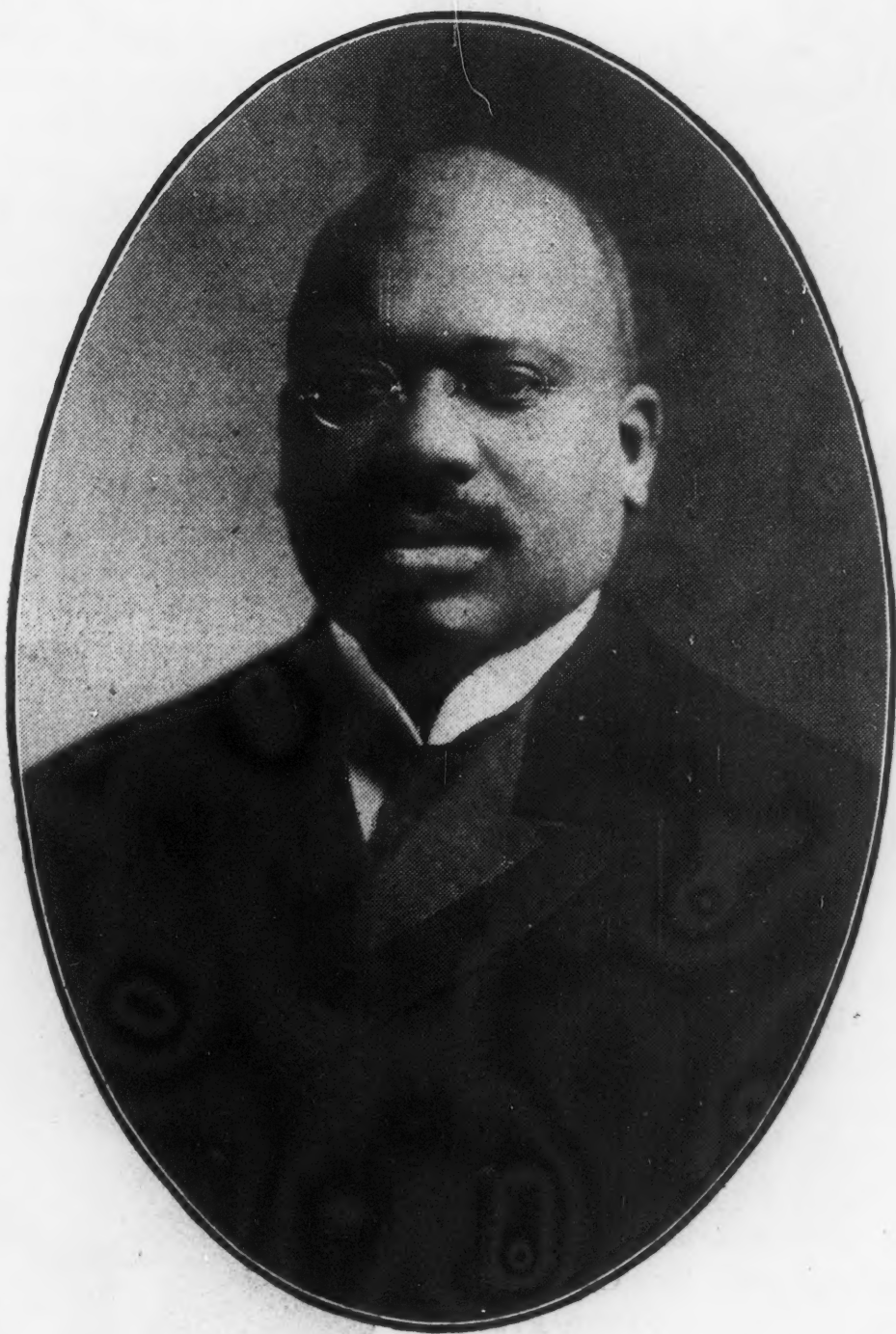


GEORGE E. CANNON, M. D.
Treasurer of the Local Committee of the National Medical Association

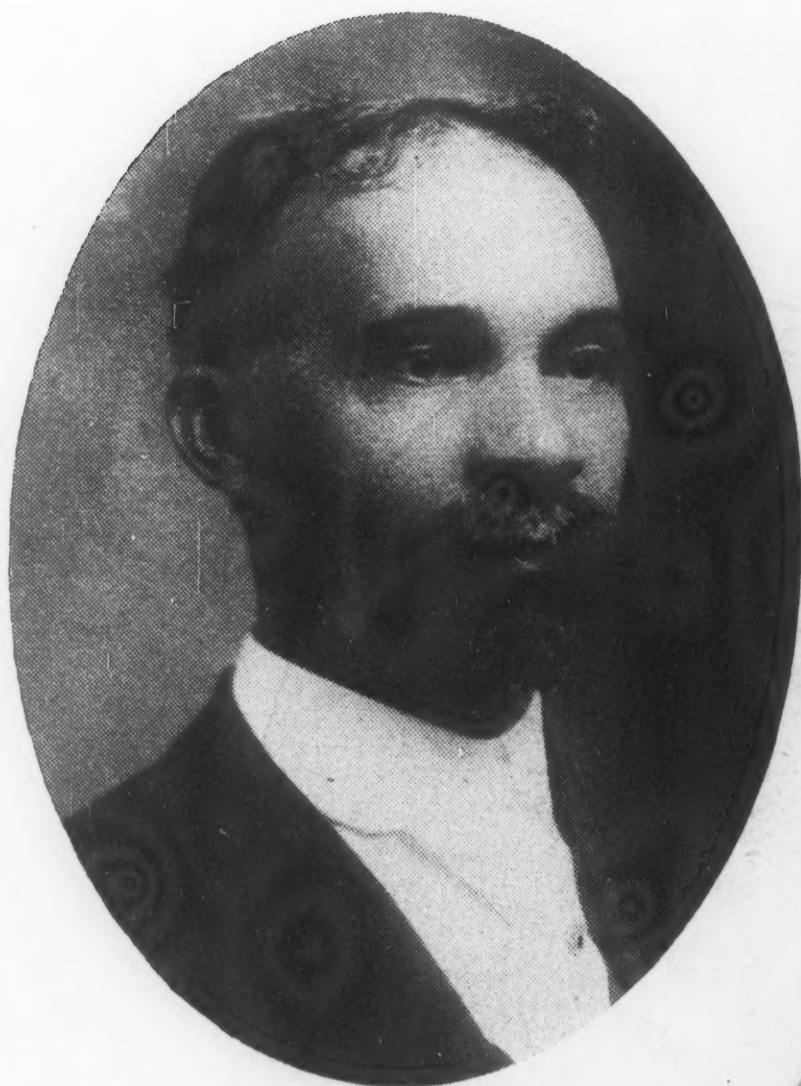
New Jersey. These organizations reinforced by a Citizens Committee and a Ladies Auxiliary have labored for several months in preparation for the meeting; and from all indications this meeting will be the most attractive and profitable yet held. The two medical societies have organized themselves into a Local Committee of Arrangements, the work of which is subdivided among several subcommittees. The Officers of the Local

Committee are Dr. P. A. Johnson, President; Dr. W. J. Park, Vice President; Dr. C. H. Roberts, Secretary; Dr. Geo. E. Cannon, Treas.

The officers of the National Association are: President, W. H. Wright, M. D., Baltimore, Md.; Vice President, Charles H. Roberts, D. D. S., New York; Treasurer, A. W. Williams, M. D., Chicago; General Secretary, John A. Kenney, M. D., Tuskegee Institute,



A. WILBERFORCE WILLIAMS, M. D.



H. F. GAMBLE, M. D.

Tuskegee, Ala.; Assistant Secretary, I. A. Laurence, M. D., Elizabeth, N. J.; Corresponding Dental Secretary, L. H. Fenderson, D. D. S., Baltimore, Md.; Pharmaceutical Secretary, Philip D. Lee, Ph. G., Milledgeville, Ga.

Among the more distinguished visitors expected are: Dr. N. F. Mossell, Surgeon-in-chief of Douglass Memorial Hospital, Philadelphia; Dr. George C. Hall, Attending Surgeon to the Provident Hospital, Chicago; A. Wilberforce Williams, M. D., Chicago and Dr. Daniel H. Williams from the same city; Dr. T. A. Walker, Baton Rouge, La.; Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland, Newport, R. I.; P. B. Ramsey, D. D. S., Richmond, Va.; Dr. Willis E. Sterre, Decatur, Ala. and Dr. John E. Hunter, Lexington, Ky.

The opening session of the convention will be held on Tuesday morning, August 25. Three sessions will be held daily and on the evening of the last day, August 27, there will be a banquet and dance at Murray Hill Lyceum. The program includes a picnic on August 26, by the Graduate Nurses who will be holding their annual convention here at that time.

A conspicuous and active member of the Committee of Citizens who will assist the local physicians in the reception and entertainment of the guests, is Chief Edward E. Lee who will introduce Mayor McClellan at the opening session for the address of welcome.



CHAS. N. SHEPARD, M. D.
Member Executive Board National Medical Association



MARCUS F. WHEATLAND, M. D.

Left Most of Fortune to Educate the Negro



MISS ALICE BYINGTON, late of Stockbridge, Mass., died recently and left a fortune of \$400,000, half of which she bequeathed towards the education of the Negro. The two institutions mentioned in Miss Byington's will are Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes. The will provides that Hampton receive \$160,000 and Tuskegee \$50,000.

Miss Byington was born in Stockbridge, Mass., October 22, 1841. Her father was Judge Horatio Byington. She was the last of a family of four children. After the death of her mother in 1875, Miss Byington went to live with Mary Adele Brewer of Stockbridge, with whom she resided until her death, which was January 25, 1908.



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AT the annual graduating exercises of the Hefley Business College, Brooklyn, N. Y., held July 2, one of the students to receive high honors was Gladys Fisher Moore. Out of a class of fifty-nine students she ranked second, leaving her white friends far in the rear for Honors, No. 2.

She also made a record in the spelling contest, spelling incorrectly but fifteen words out of 2,700, and her marks in book-keeping, stenography and type-writing were also high averaging 100.

Miss Moore is the daughter of Fred. R. Moore, of the New York Age and the Colored American Magazine.

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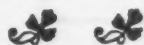


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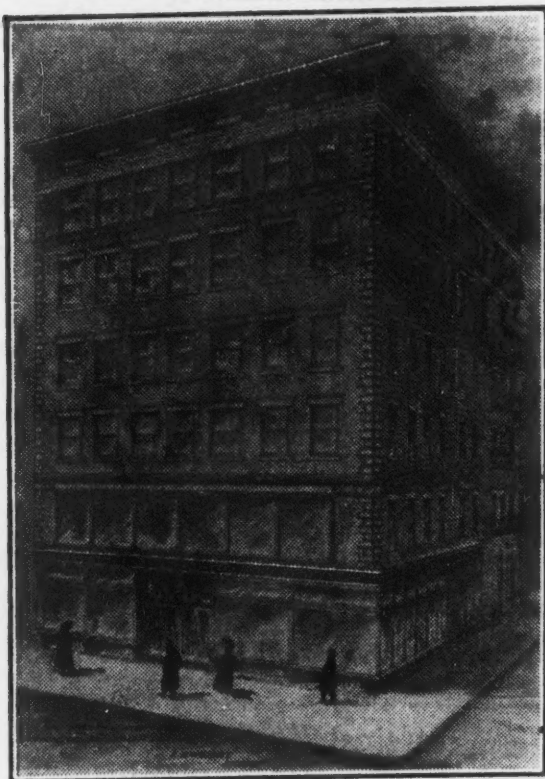
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